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HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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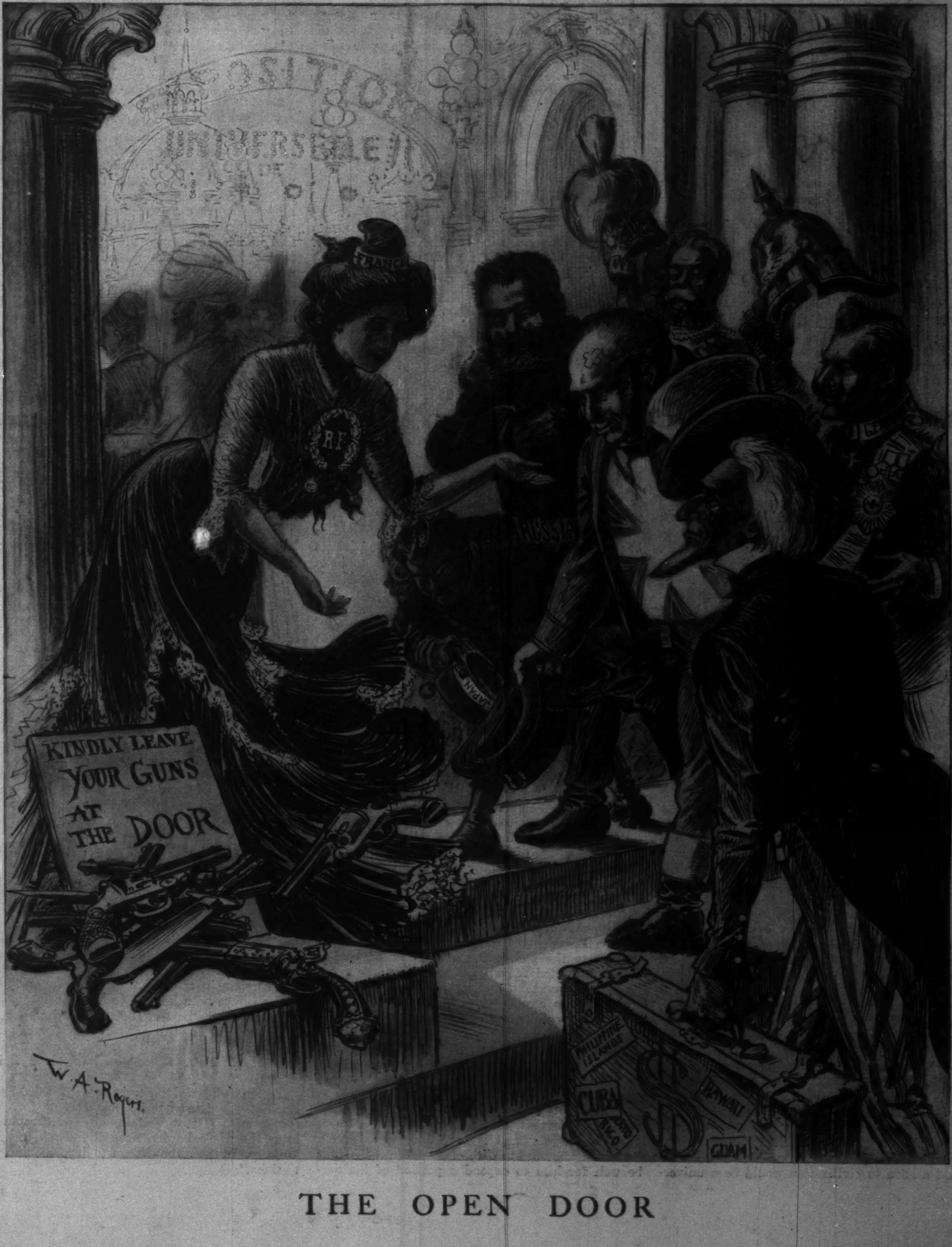
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THE OPEN DOOR

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, APRIL 14, 1900

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The Moral Influence of the Exposition

FRANCE, the beautiful, for the time being is the cynosure of all eyes, and because she is engaged in an enterprise which makes for peace among and good-will to all men. As the fair hostess of the nations of earth, she becomes, for a brief period at least, the centre of attraction, and after the fashion of the gracious individual who welcomes her friends about her hospitable board, it will be her pleasing duty to promote harmony and pleasant intercourse among her guests. The asperities of life must yield to the amenities of the occasion; bickerings will temporarily cease; quarrels will be forgotten in the joyousness of the festivities, and such rivalries as exist will lie along lines of worthiness. Nations will vie with each other in the demonstration of their excellences, just as the guests of a dinner table pit themselves the one against the other in showing off their graces of intellect and personal charm. The superiorities which depend upon physical strength, upon brute force, upon the chicaneries of life, for their setting forth will now rest in the background, and for the elevating things they do, have done, or are yet to perform, will each and all be judged.

There are no trophies of war in a universal exposition. All of which goes to prove that a universal exposition is a good thing, and a thing which the world at large would do well to accept as one of the regularly constituted functions of a civilized state of being. Peace congresses are all very well in their way, but somehow or other they are not altogether successful in promoting international amity. We recall observing with some amusement last autumn a prominent member of the gathering recently met at The Hague sitting almost hid from view by some thousands of cheering people, and apparently enjoying his obscurity, craning his neck to catch a glimpse of Admiral Dewey, the man of war, as he passed in triumph along the principal highway of the greatest city of the land, receiving everywhere a royal welcome as he approached the wondrously beautiful arch erected to commemorate his achievement. The contrast was all too marked, and we remember feeling that if existing circumstances were any criterion of a settled fact of life, it were better to be a doorkeeper on the ship of the Admiral than a potent factor in the councils of the Peace Commission. But further reflection induced the thought that the same cheering crowd were always out in force to witness the passing show, and while we have no wish to detract in any wise from the glory which was Dewey's that day in October last, we must confess our conviction that it was as much the pageantry of his home-coming as anything else that made the event so seemingly stupendous. If the man from The Hague had been received with an equal display of military forces and public officials, with the same spectacular environment, there would have been no lack of men, women, and children crowding the way from gutter-kerb to house-top, and yelling themselves hoarse.

The show's the thing, as Shakspere might have said if he had been familiar with our vernacular, and the show developed to the fullest degree becomes the exposition. And in that supreme expression of the energies of men and nations, it is the arts of peace rather than the achievements of war which are controlling.

What a boon to civilization would be a universal exposition held once a year by the great nations, each in turn, in which all men should be able to show their greatness in art, in science, in industry, in commerce, in all those things which peace makes possible, and which wars either retard or wholly destroy!

The Admiral and the Presidency

THE Admiral has spoken at last, and for his own sake we are sorry for it. We are not at all sure that he would not make a good President of the United States, but we are sure that he has earned, and earned well, a rest from the exacting duties of high official life. The Presidency is not, nor is it likely soon to be, a sinecure, and he who occupies that lofty office from 1901 to 1905 is going to have about as hard a time of it as any President has had since the days of Lincoln. We all wish the Admiral well, and many of us wish him too well to take much comfort out of the thought that he may have in store for him four years of appalling difficulties and perplexities of a most trying nature. As he stands to-day, Admiral Dewey holds the highest position attainable in his profession. That he should aspire to a higher office is perhaps natural, but it is a pity, just the same, that he is not content to remain one of the great admirals, crowned with honors such as have fallen to the lot of few men, preferring to seek the perilous laurels of the Presidency, with their wearing exactions and all the other uncomfortable accessories of executive power.

The Vice-Presidency

THE office of Vice-President of these United States of America seems, in spite of its exalted quality, to be required to seek the man rather more strenuously than should be necessary. Why it should be so is not altogether clear, but it is none the less true that very few men of real ability seem to want it. Once in a while we find an individual statesman who pursues a nomination for its honors from one end of the country to the other, from Maine to Texas, from Brooklyn to San Francisco, but more often than not nobody seems to want it, and he who frankly expresses the desire to have it finds himself rather a favorite topic for the comic press than for the journals given over to a serious consideration of affairs. It is a pity that this should be so, for the Vice-Presidency is an office worthy of any man's seeking. Held by a man of large calibre, it may be made an office of real importance and of high influence. It carries with it a fine dignity, and in perilous times has attached to it a significance which is not lightly to be treated. Considered to be a stepping-stone to political oblivion, it has happened in certain emergent moments to be a stepping-stone to the highest dignity in the land, and that it should have become the one office among the many to which only men of second-rate importance aspire is lamentable.

We can account for this only on the score that not many of our active men of affairs feel equal to the task of having to listen for a period of four years to the interminable eloquence of the Senators of the United States.

A National Pike

WE observe with some interest that the Automobile Club is anxious to have the United States government build a speedway from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific. From some points of view the idea is not at all a bad one, and now that Uncle Sam's pocket is swollen almost to the bursting-point, a little relief in the way of expenditure might not hurt him. It is a bad thing for a government to have too much money, but it is not always easy for it to remedy the defects of its system of taxation without disturbing the somewhat delicate trade adjustments of the people. It is not many years since a President of the United States called attention to the plethoric condition of the public purse, suggested remedies, went before the country on the question, and was defeated. His successor had to economize wofully, and when once again the President referred to came into office, most of his time was spent in borrowing money with which to meet the nation's obligations. Hard times confronted everybody, and those who once suffered from affluence took on nervous prostration instead.

We do not want to go through another such experience as that, and now that Uncle Sam is prosperous again, and is beginning to expand a little and to associate with other nations, it might be well for him to expend a portion of his surplus in brushing himself up a bit, reducing taxes when, where, and how it is possible to do so without undue disturbance of the public temper and interest. A little more style will not hurt us, and if we begin to acquire it by improving our public highways, and imparting a slight tinge of impressiveness and classic beauty to our public buildings, we shall all be the better off.

Not a New Project

WE are not sure that the rather extensive boulevard the automobilists desire is the wisest venture to begin with, but it has the advantage over some other projects that a start has already been made. Something of the sort was begun years ago, starting from Cumberland, Maryland, and bringing up in the neighborhood of Springfield, Ohio. If we remember rightly, this project of a national pike was abandoned because the invention of the locomotive made it appear to be a useless extravagance. There was no use in building a highway for stage-coaches when a machine capable of running at great speed over a steel railway afforded the public all that it needed in the way of transportation. But to-day the situation takes on a different aspect. The country has advanced, and that which once would have been an extravagant luxury verges now somewhat upon the needful. For a hundred and twenty-five years we have attended strictly to business, and have laid a permanent foundation for a magnificent superstructure. Perhaps the time has come when we should pay some attention to the things that recreate, and that make life seem to be something besides a mere struggle for existence.

It is quite possible that the automobilists will find their plans opposed by certain good but stagnant souls, on the ground that it is an imperial scheme—all new schemes nowadays appear to be imperial—and the fate of the Roman Empire will be held up before them as a dreadful example of the dire results brought about by a passion for building good roads; but the argument will not be overwhelming in its strength. If we emulate the empire-builders in the wise things they did, and learn something from the egregious mistakes they made, we shall not be very badly off in the end.

Queen Victoria in Ireland

THE visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland is a hopeful sign of pleasant things to come. In the first place, it is a significant manifestation of the gratitude which the British people must feel toward the Irish race for services loyally rendered in a time of trouble; it is a memorably gracious act in the Queen to undertake, at her advanced age and upon her own suggestion, so perilous a journey, involving great personal discomfort and no little risk of a health which cannot, under the circumstances of her years, be any too vigorous at best; and by no means least it has brought out that inherent sense of chivalry which all who have studied him know to be characteristic of the Irishman as an individual, whatever he may seem to be when he acts as a politician. With the supreme expression of English character, on the one hand, yielding up for the moment its supercilious attitude of reserve, and abandoning its exasperating assumption of superiority to all others, and the Irish people giving themselves over to a demonstration of their best and most chivalrous qualities on the other, it would seem as if the psychological moment for reconciliation had arrived. It is not too much to say that this is what the well-wishers of both people devoutly desire to see come about, and it has been their despair that a basis of mutual confidence essential to a successful union between the two has until now seemed hardly to be possible of arrangement. If the slight breach in the wall of hostility between England and Ireland made by the Queen's visit can be kept open, and a constant and wise effort be made to widen it, who knows but that the day will soon come when the barriers in the way of a good understanding will all have been levelled to earth? Just a little restraint on the part of the Irish, and a good deal of expansion on the part of the English may bring about an *entente cordiale* which will result in the strengthening of the whole British Empire.

To an impartial observer seated 3000 miles away it would seem to be worth trying for. The statesmen of Great Britain, however, should not leave the whole burden upon the shoulders of her Majesty. In the vernacular of to-day, it is now "up to them."

THE ACHIEVEMENT OF HENRY IRVING

BY A. C. WHEELER

SIR HENRY IRVING'S American tour, now drawing toward a close, invites attention by reason of the unusual respect it has commanded from the soberer portions of the community. In all the cities he has visited he has been accepted unquestioningly by those conservative groups who ordinarily draw their portières close at the mere mention of the theatre. They accorded him the respectful attention or the tentative silence which was due to a sincere and dignified effort.

It should be noted that this triumph, whatever it may be worth in the ultimate adjustment of the theatre, has been singularly free from that riotous prestige which hitherto has been the certificate of popular histrionic genius. It would appear that a pervasive respect for what Sir Henry Irving was trying to do preceded his doing it, and not only in the capital of the nation, but in all the large centres of taste and intelligence, he succeeded in obtaining the recognition of eminent men and women in every worthy walk of life, as an actor who was not merely exploiting himself, but was seriously and methodically trying to demonstrate the practical and æsthetic value of the theatre as a worthy instrument of culture and morals.

Plainly stated, any such purpose as this is not, on the face of it, productive of the hero-worship that lifts the favorite of the foot-lights into popular acclaim, and if Sir Henry Irving had not supplemented worthiness of purpose and personal authority of character with some kind of histrionic ability, he could not have achieved what he has undoubtedly achieved in his American tour, namely, the slow but sure recognition of his status as the representative English actor of our era, and the acknowledgment of the collective value of his work as interpretative and stimulative.

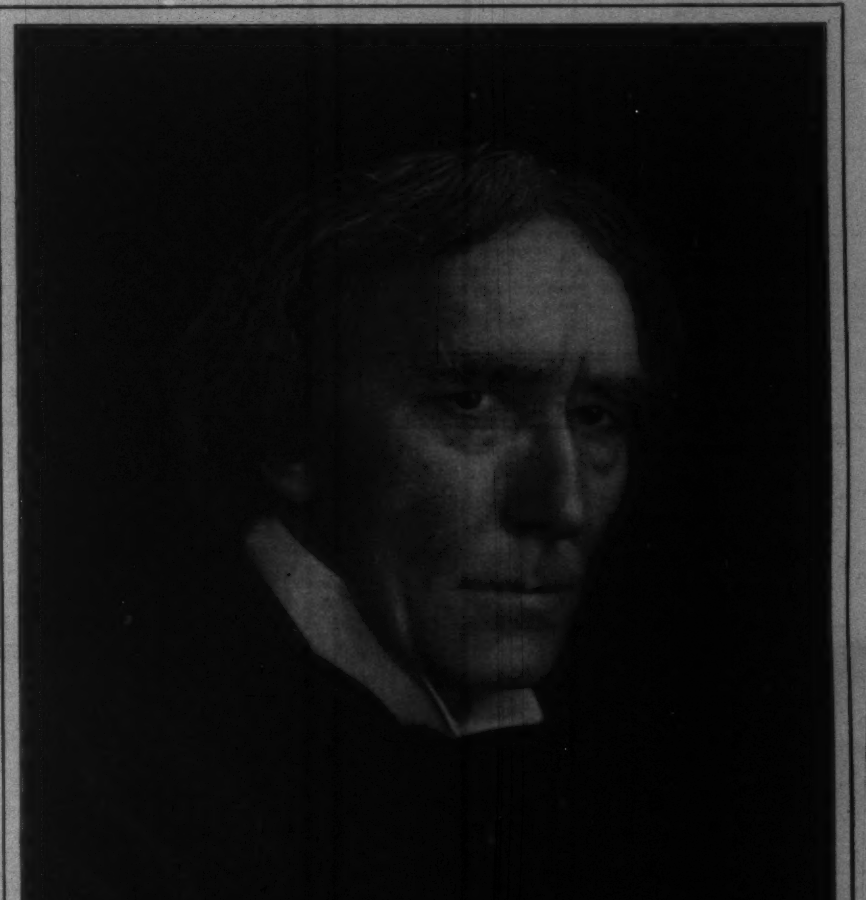
Whatever else he may have done, he has, whether intentionally or not, utterly routed the last vestiges of that American provincialism which raged so furiously in Forrest's time, and selected for its victim an English actor curiously akin to Sir Henry Irving in talents and character.

It is very remarkable how this later actor has induced us to lay aside not only our inherited prejudices, but our preconceived ideals. He did it in utter defiance of the *ad captandum vulgus*, and in strict accordance with Macready's dictum that "the best art is that which, having aroused the feelings, will stand the test of after-reflection when the blood is cool."

When Sir Henry Irving first came here both our drama and our criticism had reached a moribund condition. Shaksperean representation had arrived at a point where *savoir-faire* said it ought to stop, for the simple reason that the adjectives of eulogium could carry it no farther. All the possibilities of the higher theatric art were submerged in the fruition of successive favorites. Histrionism, as the elder Booth, Kean, Ristori, and Forrest had conceived it, stood proudly and defiantly alone, as all the adjuncts of science and art went over to comedy drama. No one was inclined, even if he were able, to say anything new or prophetic of Edwin Booth. We had canonized him in spite of the fact that the theatre had run away from him to newer possibilities. Mr. Booth, than whom we have never had a worthier or more popular favorite, was gifted in an extraordinary degree with the elocutionary faculty. He inherited from his father a grace of utterance, the most incisive and the most euphonious. This quality gave a new gloss to his *Hamlet*. Besides all others that were contemporaneous, it was Ciceronean. But we know, now that our blood is cool, that it was in no sense a creation. On the contrary, it was an expurgated synthesis of Kemble, Kean, Macready, and the actor's own father, the unlike traditions of each appearing at times in a wonderful compromise that leaned now to this and now to that predecessor, until it became worn down to a discreet uniformity. No one could see then, what was sure to be seen in the later retrospect, that Mr. Edwin Booth was, in great measure, the result of a reaction from Gothic conditions of acting that had been carried to the farthest extent by Edwin Forrest. Mr. Booth's appearance was not so much a renaissance as a relief. His *Hamlet*, quite aside from its princely grace and mimetic fervor, chanted itself into our ideal empyrean, and we measured every virile attempt at originality in others by this exquisite transcription.

While we were in this mood Sir Henry Irving arrived here to play the same rôles, with an alien disregard for our preconceptions and our loyalty to a national favorite. It is not at all strange that Sir Henry should succeed in making us instantly disagree with him. But it is somewhat remarkable that he should in time succeed in winning our respect for doing so.

That he wounded our sensibilities a little at the start there can be no doubt. "Where, oh, where," we asked, "are the rhythms and the cadences that we are accustomed to?" Irving's elocution smote our purged ears somewhat harshly. To the eye he was intellectually gaunt and over-pronounced, as if volition were riding defiantly on every shade of thought. We had fallen into the comfortable conclusion of Winckelmann's that "beauty in art should be like the best kind of water, drawn from the spring itself. The less taste it has, the more healthful it is considered, because free from all foreign admixtures."



SIR HENRY IRVING.

Photograph, Copyright, 1900, by Earnest Walter Histed, New York.

Against that surviving dictum of Hellenism that threatened to leave the drama without lock, stock, or barrel, there was slowly coming into sight the triumphant eclecticism of Wagner, which was to enlarge the scope of the stage-manager, make an amalgam of all arts, and bring *ensemble* up to the aid of individualism. With this movement Sir Henry Irving had allied himself long before he came to us, and there could be no shock in that movement, for, like the aeronaut, he was sailing with the wind. But nothing less than a well-defined and securely held purpose from the first, projected beyond the successes of the hour, could have kept him from descending to that lower stratum of theatrical popularity, heavy with the breaths of the mob. He so far differentiated himself from most of his illustrious predecessors as not to burst upon the world as a meteoric genius. He appears to have won the world calculatingly and with patience. When he began to take form in London, under the management of Mr. Bateman, there was no outburst of discovery. No one was rash enough and trite enough to see the "long expected." There was rather a grudging admission that painstaking intelligence had met with a fortuitous rôle. The best that critical acumen would acknowledge was that the actor's temperament and personality fitted him specially to the exactions of villanous parts. Scarcely had he been recognized before he was catalogued as a specialist, it being one of the canons of the Illuminati that criticism is classification, now that it has become scientific. "You find the amusement; it is our business," says the critic, "to find the genera." Nothing lifts the writing play-goer above the mere enjoying play-goer as does the ability to stuff every actor into a special pigeon-hole. Most of Mr. Irving's acting contemporaries at his start were like beavers or bobolinks or bees, divinely ordained to build dams or nests or to improve the shining hour by gathering honey at night, but never by any possibility to do all three of these things. Theatrical art in this apportionment has all the joyousness and stalled variety of a menagerie or an aquarium, in which every species has a different cage or a different tank.

The failure of the showman and the critic to push Sir Henry Irving into a special compartment is very much to Sir Henry's credit. No sooner had some Linnæus of the press classified him as a "heavy villain," and backed him in, than he changed his spots and frisked out in light comedy. Having been put behind the bars as *Matthias* and *Eugene Aram*, he squeezed through in *Alfred Jingle*. He insisted on wandering about from *Robert Macaire* and *Bill Sykes* to *Hamlet*, with a free and versatile contempt for genera, making the transit from "The Bells" to "Louis XI." without the slightest regard for the cage where he belonged. The fact is Sir Henry Irving from the very start is less desirous of becoming what George Moore calls "a sacred ape," to be stared at curiously, than of acquainting himself with all the species and acquiring a supervisory knowledge of the whole ménage. The large field of endeavor which he has thus traversed at a time when the inclination of histrionism is toward specialization, and the persistence of his appeal, not to episodes or accidental fitnesses here and there, but to the continuity and general lift of his labors, in which he has stored up respect for other qualities than those of the mere mime, are what arrest the attention in any just review of his career.

That the purely artistic temperament, unaided by and uncorrected by the worldly sagacity or the executive will, is best fitted to the large work of bringing the theatre up abreast of other effective and wholesome activities of the time is a question that has changed its aspects within a few years, because if the theatre is to be anything more than what Carlyle calls "a frivolous amusement, of no special interest to thoughtful minds," it must demonstrate itself in something more than the specialized talent of the central figure. It must prove itself a perfect enginery of thought and a vital exponent of correlative beauty in associated art. It must combine thought, imagination, mechanism, ethics, æsthetics, poetry, music, science, and good taste. Anything less than such an *ensemble*, Richard Wagner has shown us, will not put the spectacle upon new grounds.

Sir Henry Irving's career is singularly devoid of the impulses, the inspirations, as they are called, and the worshipful aberrations of the poetic temperament as the stage has always furnished it—a temperament in which execution was always somewhat disdainful of the methodical approaches to perfection. All the illustrious actors of the English record, with perhaps the single exception of Mr. Macready, effected their distinction by an irregular egotism of talent that took little heed of the general good. They were always tangential, so to speak, securing their recognition by departing from the orbital path. Their charter was in their power to detach themselves from the mass and scintillate with unpredicable congenital fire. But when they were burnt out, the theatre remained where it was before. It is extremely difficult to say just exactly in what respect Kemble or Kean in their widely differing personalities moved the English theatre on independently of the general movement of mankind. Macready probably did more than either. He did, indeed, command for the theatre an unprecedented amount of thoughtful respect so long as he stood in front of it, but he managed to leave behind him the conclusion that it was owing to his own personal character, and not to any distinctive gain in the playhouse itself. Lewes says that the poetic drama vanished with Macready and Helen Faucit, and he also says Tieck told him he thought Macready was a greater actor than either Kemble or Kean.

The mere assertion by so sagacious an observer as Lewes that the theatre loses all that a great artist contributes to it the moment that artist's personal aura is removed shows us how curiously the estimate of the playhouse was formed a few years ago on the contemplation of the individual who pleased us best for the time being. The theatre appears to have been accepted as an adjustable frame-work, whose sole warrant of attention depended upon the special talent or the most attractive face that was last thrust into it. In this view the theatre was truly a mirror that reflected every passing light, but never stored up any radiance of its own. Sir Henry Irving's effort has been from the first to move the English theatre on, and that he has done so is now evident in the respectful attention he has secured for it. Take, as an example, his performance of "Macbeth," which he has played here oftener than "Hamlet." In this play he arrested our reflective attention by not walking in anybody's footsteps, and by making the play itself a complete and rounded exposition. We were perhaps a little startled to find that, after all, *Macbeth* might be a moral coward and at times abjectly craven, and we may have asked ourselves why any actor should disturb the complacency of a century with the impertinence of new light; but when we went away from the showing, we carried some of the new light on our retinas, as do the *felinæ*, into dark places. So that whether *Macbeth* was a coward or not, we found ourselves falling into small coteries to discuss him, and all at once the theatre had reached a little over the foot-lights into the intelligence of the hour.

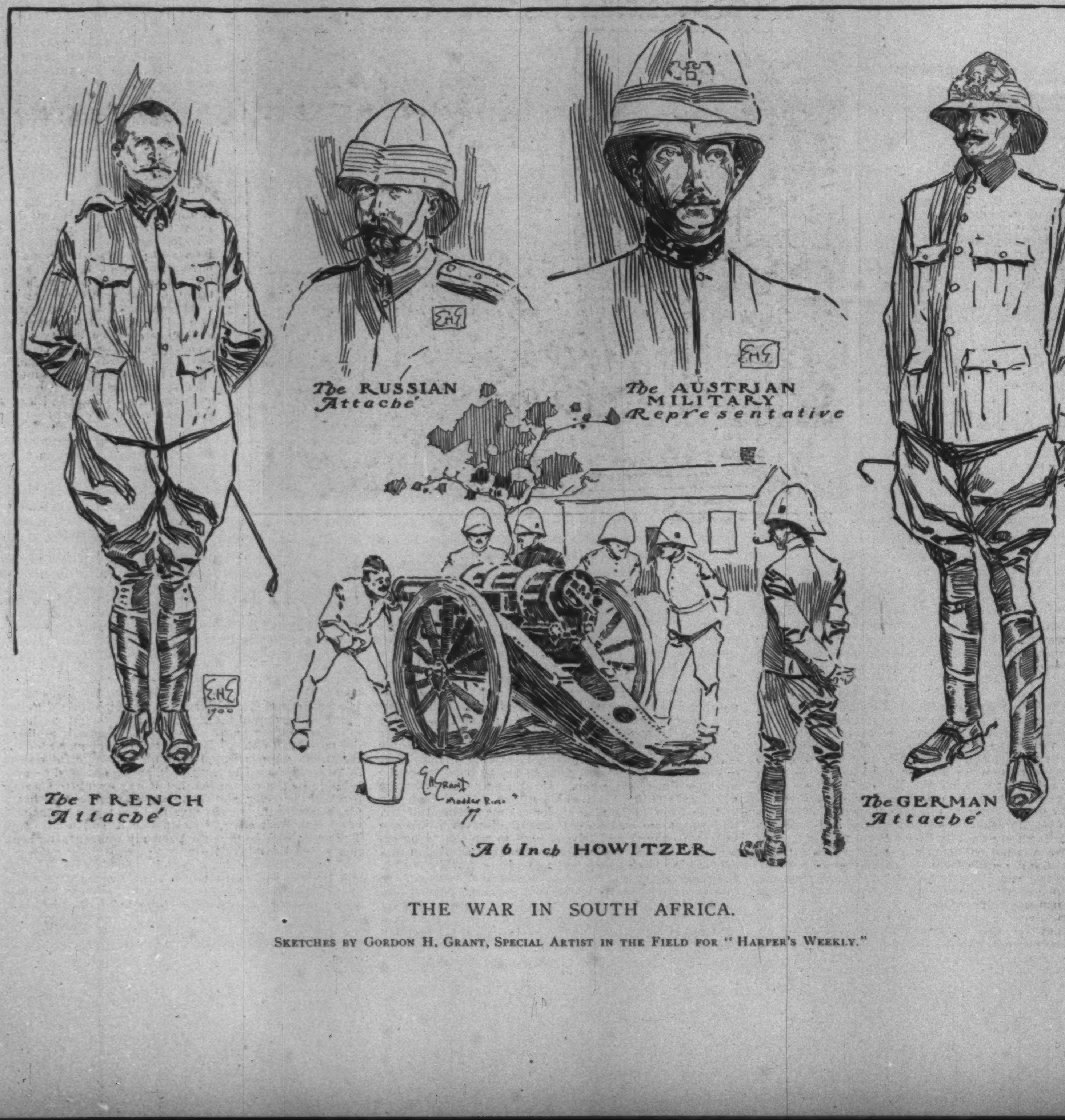
It was thus that Irving's bravery in carrying out his own convictions, even while disturbing our mental ease, heightened our respect. He presented us with the astonishing proposition that it was possible to get a little higher in theatric heroism by going a little deeper into the truth. It was like reading Meredith. We struggled a little, but the resistance only served to turn up the soil for subtle germs that began to show blades of beauty, and then we began to see that the actor, like the author who is to make way out of the stagnation, must begin by disturbing our canonized humdrum.

What Henry Irving did in "Macbeth" he did more or less in all the rôles that he assumed for us. Several of them, like his *Shylock* and *Benedick*, were at first sight bizarre. Something had been left out that the convention of comfort demanded. It was what we had agreed to call "personal charm," a quality that sugar-coated most of the small abilities, from Adonis Dixey to the regnant Russell. Our notion of the princely was for the most part visual. Sir Henry Irving had none of the prettinesses of optical tradition. On the contrary, he seemed to have a contempt for them, for he took not the slightest pains to smooth down the excrescences of his strong and often awry personality, and very often his sinewy will made his impersonation gaunt. But what he did do was to bring the intrinsic and co-operative beauty of the *ensemble* up to a new authority and splendor of meaning that made personal prettinesses of no account. In the mere matter of color he taught us a great deal with half-tones that in ceasing to be riotous became serenely rational. The memory recalls the gray surroundings in "Louis XI." with the one flare of scarlet, as one recalls an English intermezzo with one royal cactus blazing in it. The sense goes back to the Rialto in Venice, just as it travels over the wastes of impression left by a picture-gallery, to the one Turner or Fortuny that burnt itself into the recollection. Against all the affluence and profusion of our stage, the Blasted Heath in his "Macbeth" still wears the supernatural weirdness that creative intelligence can alone give to paint, but which was so subsidiary and obedient in its work that we afterwards relegated it to the general effect of the play. With the same measure of veracity that had caught the unearthliness of "Macbeth" he caught the intensely human and half-demoniac frenzy of the French Revolution in "Robespierre." The play brought its own feverish atmosphere with it, and then as we travel back to "Louis XI.," the mind focusses itself on the exquisite gradations and minutiæ of a character that might have been painted by Meissonier.

A fine co-ordinating rather than an emphatic creative power had marshalled newly all the agents of a composite art into new relativity, and in doing this Sir Henry Irving was attempting exactly what Wagner had been doing in another domain. "Never mind the roulade and the cavatina, but try and understand the new fraternity of all my forces as they march to one end. I want to impress you with sum totals, not with particulars. 'Macbeth' is not a solo, but a symphony." Nothing can be easier than to pick out the weaknesses of any performance. Miss Terry herself will not bear the severe adjustment of a ruthless criticism to all her rôles. She, who was like a stricken lily in *Ophelia*, was at times suggestive of a milliner's artemisia in *Portia*. Her wayward temperament had extremes of apathy and perfunctoriness no less than of inspiration. Her *Beatrice* wore the air of nervous impulse rather than the exuberance of high health. Her very excess of temperament gave her a fascinating and hectic uncertainty at times. You never could tell exactly what her mood would do with the sub-emotions of a part. But it is a great tribute to a dominating and coercive will somewhere that it could hold this variable and uncertain femininity to such a long mien of excellence in so many rôles. And this volition, that was both suppressive and expressive all around the stage, was even more operative in the lift and new adjustment of the theatre itself to the modern needs. Sir Henry Irving forced it through the traditional trammels and made it take a position abreast of the multifarious themes of pressing interest in the world. To play a round of "Hamlets" and "Othellos" and "Macbeths," with the orthodox belief that the stage should be content with the repetition of these masterpieces because they were the best that mediæval romanticism could do, was not Irving's disposition or intent. He insisted that the lumbering old vehicle should come out of the sacred gallery and take hold of life itself, seizing all there was of the majestic and exigent in the pressing realm of literature. "Shakspere, yes, if I might have another for working-days. Your grace is too costly to wear every day. Why not have Goethe, Cervantes, Tennyson, Browning, Sardou?" The moment he proved the ability of the theatre to lay hold of the best there was, irrespective of the theatre's traditions, he had lifted the Thespian cart out of the rut and set it going on the new highway.

The actor who could not be stalled by a specialty is not going to be sequestered by a tradition. "If there is any hero of standard literature who is respected by the world and has dramatic possibilities, send him my card and tell him my theatre is open to him." Such an unprecedented liberality made contemporaries of Æschylus and Wills, and converted the old court reception, where everybody was presented in costume to *Hamlet* and *Richard*, into levees where any genius could sit on the throne, if he had strength enough to hold a crown. The result was that Sir Henry Irving, instead of remaining in the background to push the scenes, stood in front of his theatre to open the way, and the confounded old thing elicited from everybody the astonishing exclamation *E pur si muove*.

Viewed broadly, to have moved the ancient institution is perhaps a greater feat than to have moved modern audiences at different times, for the gift to do the latter, as we all know, is a common one, and may be exercised with no other authority than a passing vehemence or a grotesque abandonment. But the authority of experience, a masterful will, and a coercive intelligence is something that does not excite an audience. It quietly masters it.



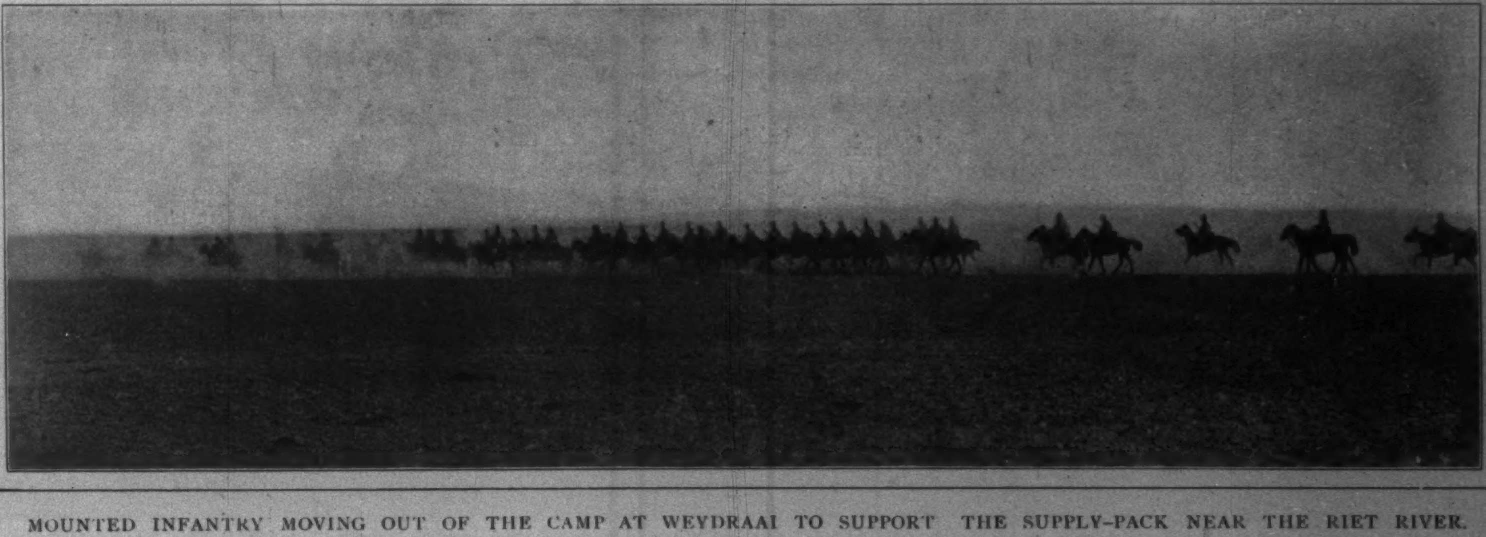
THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.

SKETCHES BY GORDON H. GRANT, SPECIAL ARTIST IN THE FIELD FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

PART OF LORD ROBERTS'S ARMY CROSSING THE RIET RIVER AT WATERVAL DRIFT.

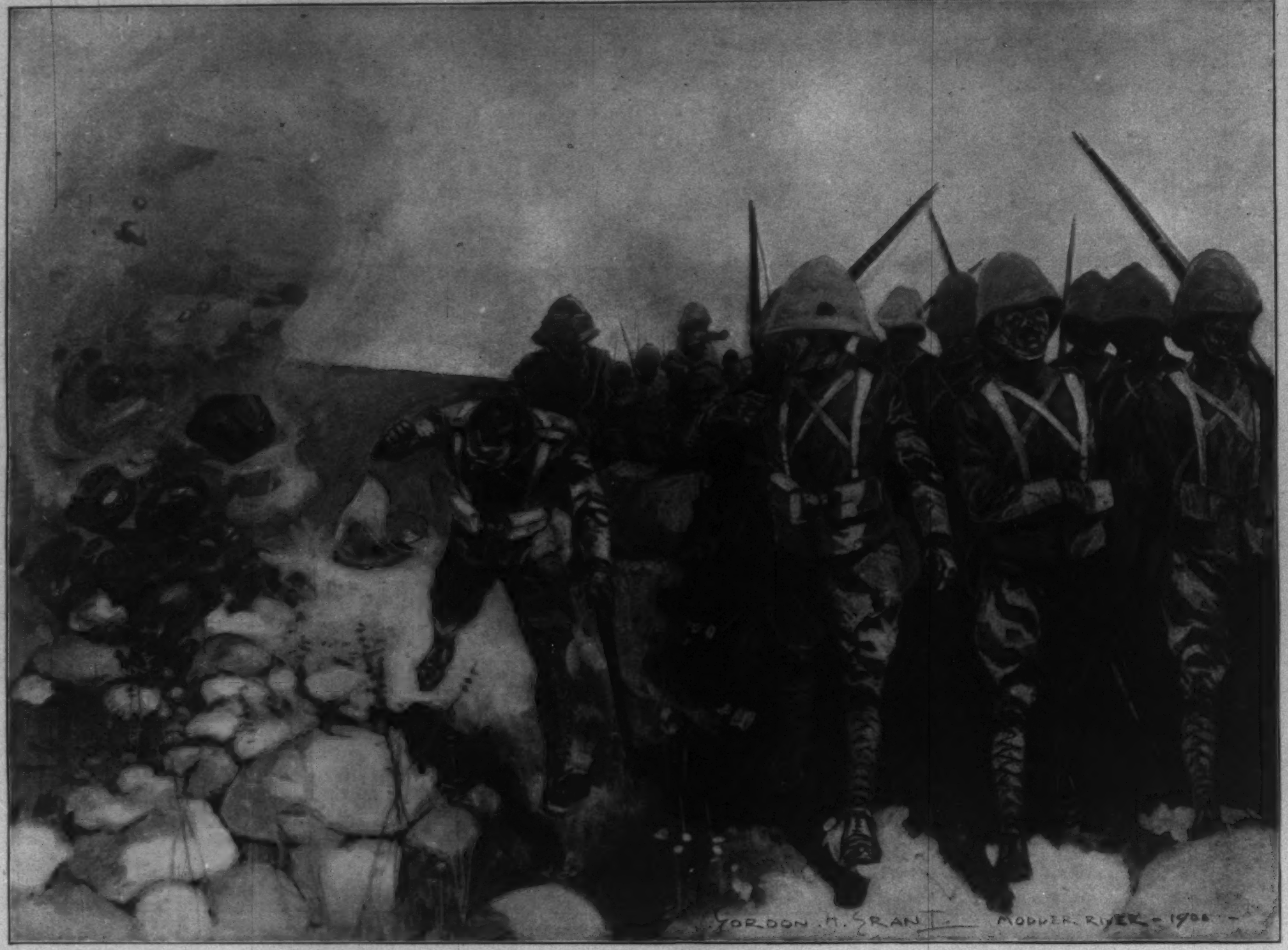
GENERAL FRENCH, OF THE CAVALRY BRIGADE, INSPECTING THE HORSE LINES.

A BOER AMBULANCE WAGON CAPTURED BY THE BRITISH NEAR JACOBSDAL.



MOUNTED INFANTRY MOVING OUT OF THE CAMP AT WEYDRAAI TO SUPPORT THE SUPPLY-PACK NEAR THE RIET RIVER.

THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.



THE MARCH TO KIMBERLEY—A BOER SHELL FALLING UNPLEASANTLY NEAR THE BRITISH INFANTRY

Drawn by Gordon H. Grant, Special Artist in the Field for "Harper's Weekly."

SUBSIDIES FOR AMERICAN SHIPS

BY ARTHUR SEWALL, LATE DEMOCRATIC CANDIDATE FOR VICE-PRESIDENT.

IN the grand vista opened up by this country's expanding importance among the nations of the world there are plainly visible two features of vital concern to the people; first, the finger of destiny pointing to the parting of the ways between isolation from the affairs of the foreign world and a participation in the councils of the great human family; second, the necessity for the restoration of the United States to the proud position once occupied as a leading maritime power. The two are so closely intertwined as to be inseparable. Expansion in territory means increased opportunities for the use of American capital in the direction of maritime commercial expansion. With the acquisition of Cuba, Puerto Rico, the Philippine Islands, and Hawaii the United States are brought face to face with the question—"Shall we continue to allow other nations to have ninety per cent. of the carrying trade of this country while we content ourselves with ten per cent., or shall we, with the universally recognized foresight of the American man of business, see to it that our commercial expansion runs parallel with the expansion of territory that is part of our destiny?"

Every year the American nation pays to foreigners $200,000,000 for the cost of freight on our exports and imports. The humiliating sight is seen of the farmer growing wheat at a cost of thirty cents a bushel and paying foreign carriers thirty cents or thereabouts a bushel to get it from the Pacific slope to the consumer abroad. Some little profit is derived from the transportation of the wheat to our seaboard, and after that the harvest is reaped entirely by foreigners, with whom the American carrier cannot compete because of the lack of profit with conditions as they are to-day. Add to this loss of what should legitimately belong to the American carrier the profit that goes to the firm that insures the wheat, and the bank through whose hands the financial transactions are carried to a conclusion, and some idea is gained of the way we are being beaten by foreign competition in this field that we should rightfully monopolize.

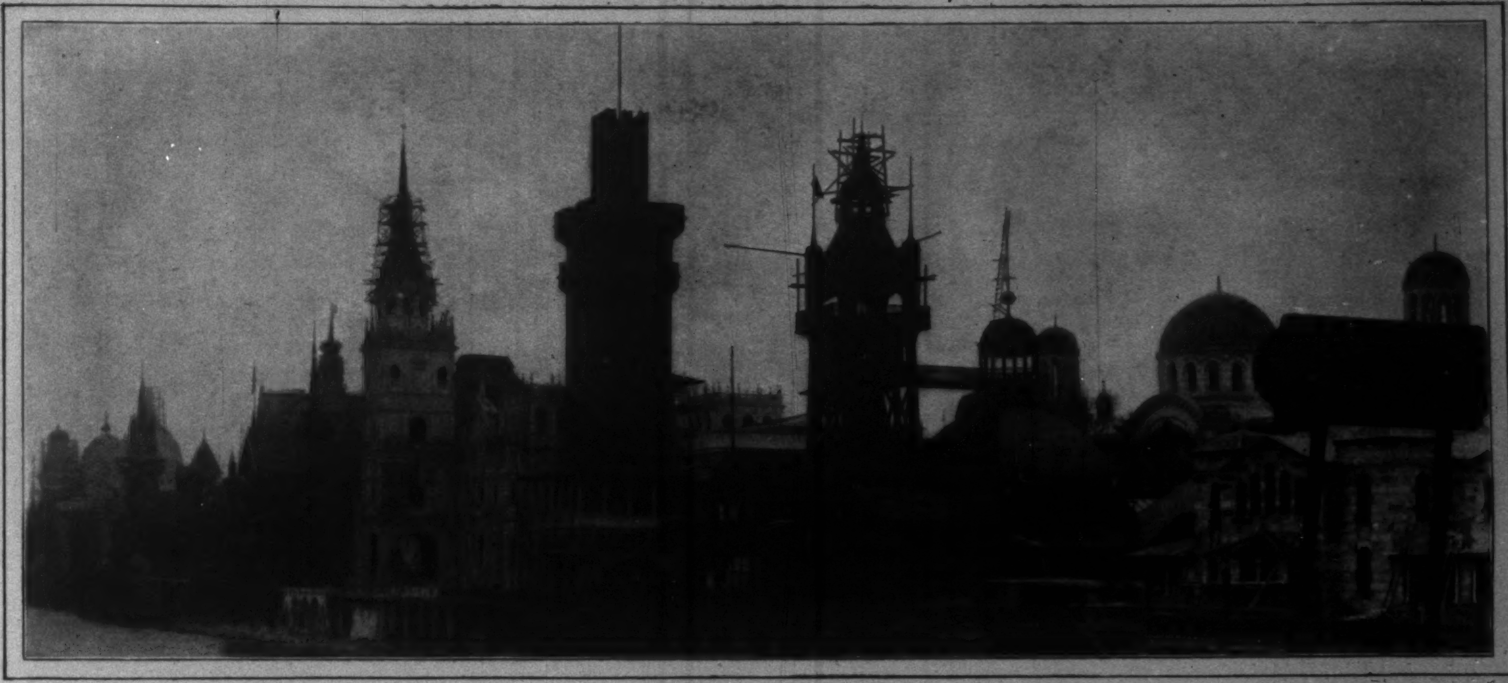
It is time that we brought the maritime power of America to the old honored position it held before the civil war gave it a set-back from which it has never since recovered. Without going into the technicalities of the subsidy bill now pending before Congress, it is to the interest of every patriotic citizen to consider what the effect would be of the restoration of the Stars and Stripes to their old place on the commercial seas. Besides the saving of that $200,000,000 that we annually put into the pockets of foreign ship-owners for the American carrying trade, the expansion of our maritime fleets means an almost unlimited boom to every mechanical industry in the country. When it becomes profitable for the American capitalist to put his money into the ship-building industry, there will start up all along our Atlantic and Pacific seaboards vast yards that will give employment to great armies of skilled artisans; the sound of the steam-hammer and the glow of the blast-furnace will be heard and seen in numberless places where now is only waste-land; our railways will be loaded down with freight from the interior to the seaboard, intended for the material of the ship-yards; coal will be required in enormous quantities; the iron and steel mines of this resourceful country will be called upon to redouble their efforts to supply the demand for metal in these days of steel and iron ships; the axe and saw will be plied with increased energy in our great lumber regions for the masts and decks of the ships; the engineers will be called upon to furnish the hearts of the steam-propelled monsters that will be turned out as fast as modern skill and energy can build them; in a word, the mechanical industries of the entire continent will be stimulated as they have not been for years. Scarcely a means of employing labor will be left unaffected by the boom. A new era will have dawned in the industries of the nation.

Nor would the benefits from this new order of things cease with the building of the ships. There would accrue to the American skilled mechanic all the advantages that follow in the train of a great established industry. The ships that are built here would be kept in repair here. The cost of maintaining a great fleet of ships is enormous. With the establishment of our own ship-yards this money would be spent here instead of being disbursed abroad. The greater the increase in the number of vessels flying the American flag, the faster the wheels of industry will revolve and the better will be the condition of the labor armies.

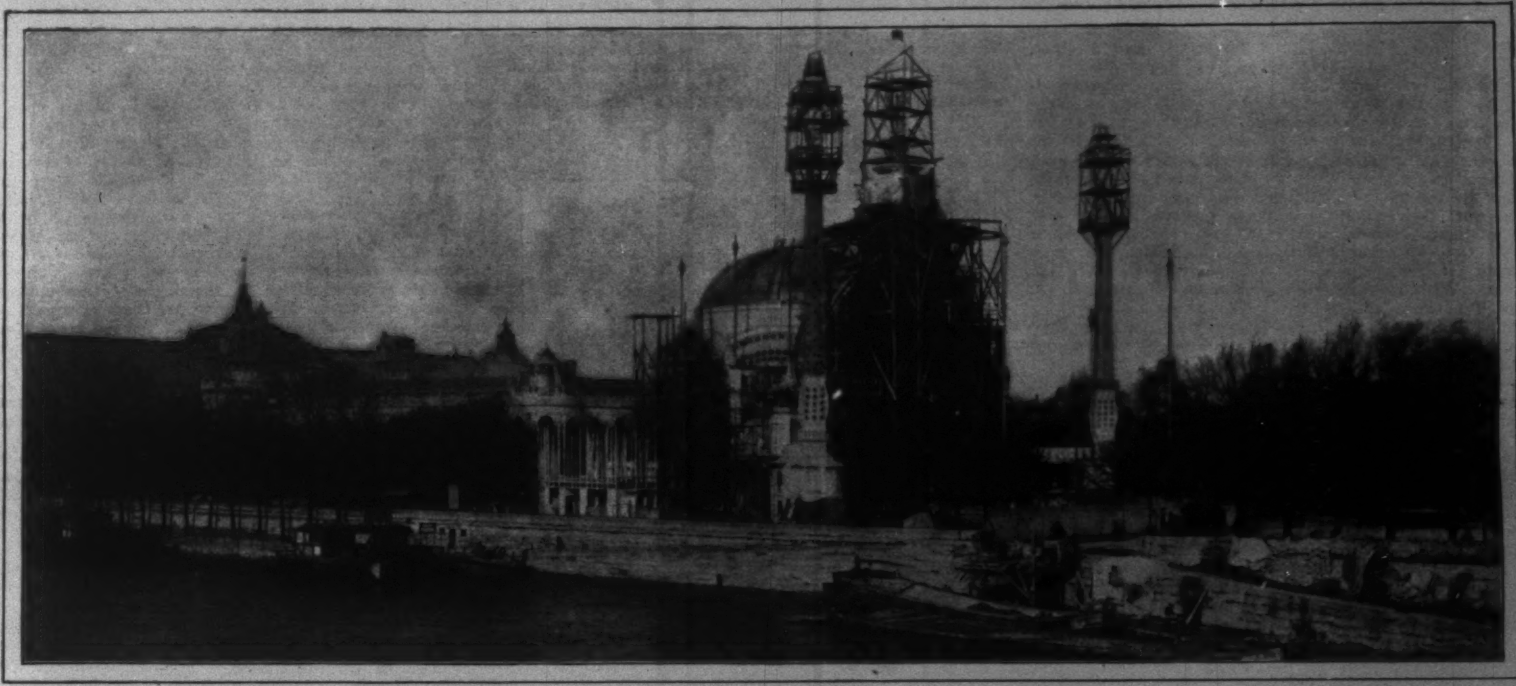
It is a time in the nation's history pregnant with interest to all who wish for the onward march of commercial prosperity. New avenues of commerce of vast importance are opening up in the Far East, and nearer home in the Antilles and the Pacific. Through these avenues there should steam a continual procession of ships flying the American flag, built in American yards, American from keel to topmast, carrying American freight to American possessions, bringing back the products of American enterprise and energy in these new days, and keeping every penny of the profit of production, of carriage, of sale, and barter in the American family. Expansion under those conditions is the only right kind. Let our foreign carrying trade be protected as well as our coastwise trade. We as a nation have declared for protection. Let us be consistent and protect every American ship that sails the seas.

The apathy that has made us almost nowhere in the running as a maritime nation can only be electrified into life by the adoption of radical measures. The American capitalist has stood aloof from the ship-building industries because the cheaper cost of labor and of men to man the ships has enabled the foreign ship-builder to do business on a basis that permits of no profit to the Americans with their higher scale of pay. Therefore it is necessary to attract capital to the ship-building industries by some national effort, the reward of which to the nation will be the immense increase in the national industries that I have pointed out. This is what is intended by the subsidy bill. It is argued that the bill will benefit a few. It will benefit the entire nation, as I have shown, by the establishment of great workshops where now there are none, and the immense impetus given to the mechanical arts of the country.

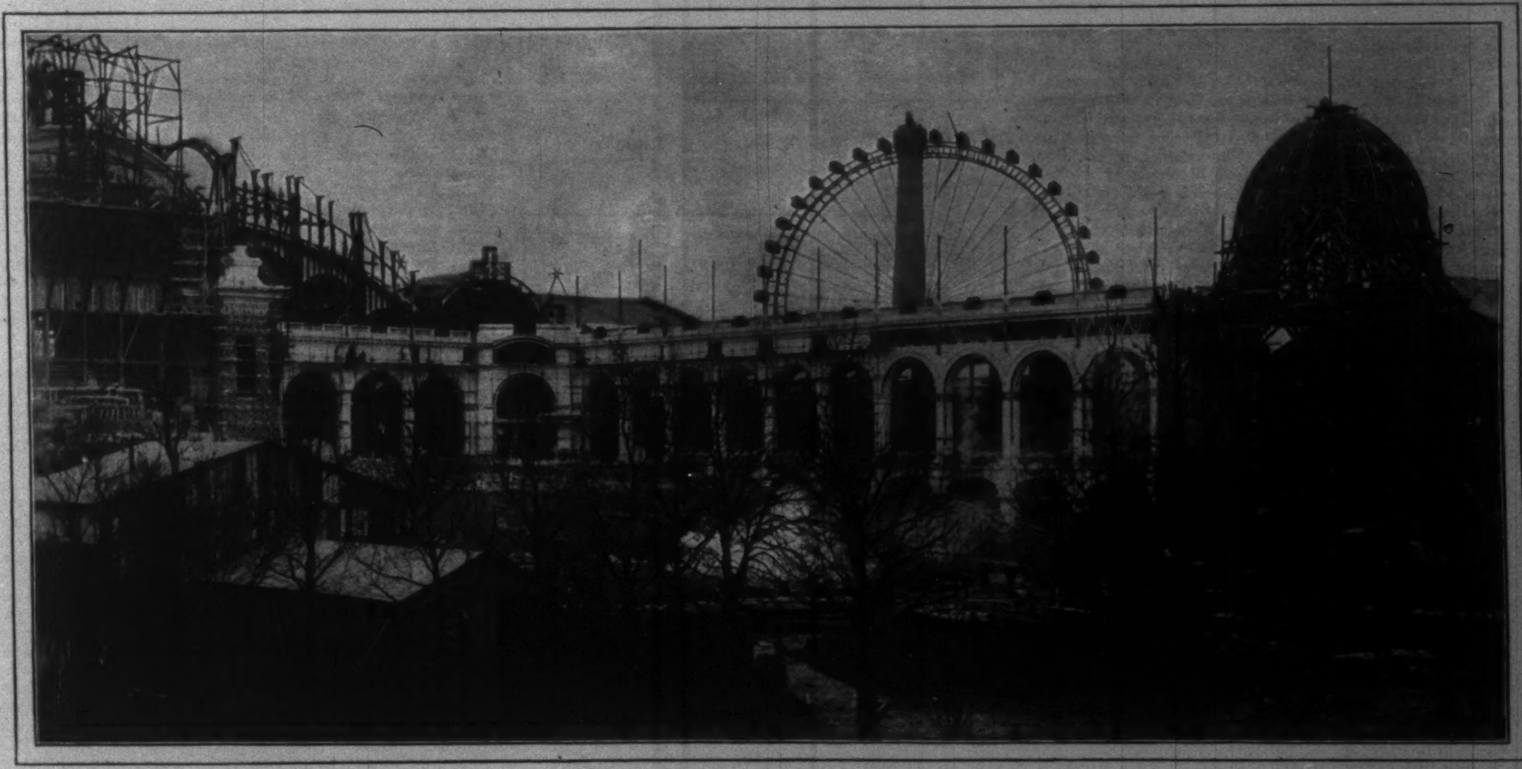
But chiefly the benefit derived will be one that should appeal to every patriotic heart. Why is England mistress of the seas? Not alone because of her mighty navy, but because also of her vast maritime fleets. War-ships are out of date in ten years. But the plant that makes it possible to create a navy is always on hand. The maritime nation has a huge auxiliary navy ready for instant call in time of national danger. The value of these craft was amply proven in our late war. With the establishment of ship-yards on our splendid seaboard we should be prepared for any emergency. There would be dry docks and coaling-stations, repair shops and places of rendezvous, arsenals and depots of supplies, all at our command in time of peace or war. The navy would spring into life as if by magic, just as it did during our civil war, when we were in the heyday of prosperity as a maritime nation. Swift cruisers would be at our command in unlimited numbers, as they are at the command of Great Britain. There would be no reason why the Stars and Stripes should not wave more proudly than any flag afloat, for nowhere could there be found a country whose resources for building its own ships were more ample than ours. The days of the early fifties, when we were the leading maritime nation of the world, would be with us again. Instead of our sending abroad ninety per cent. of the money expended by us for ocean freights and putting ten per cent. into our own pockets, the situation would be reversed, and the coffers of our merchants would receive the money that now goes to foreigners. Our destiny leads us unerringly on to the two great fields of expansion, territorial and maritime, and this destiny should be heartily welcomed by every patriotic American as the true pathway to national and commercial progress.



THE STREET OF NATIONS.

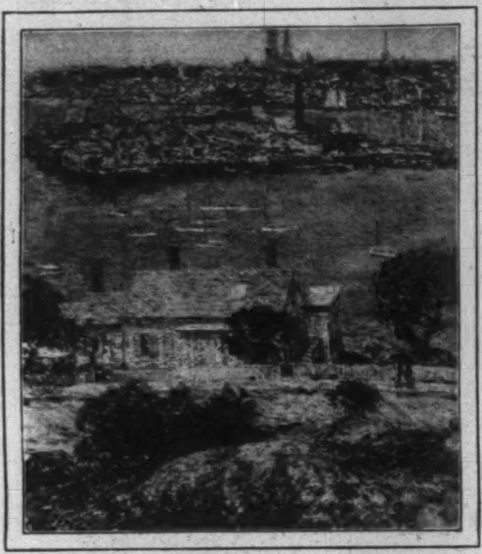


THE MAIN ENTRANCE—FINE ARTS BUILDING IN THE BACKGROUND.

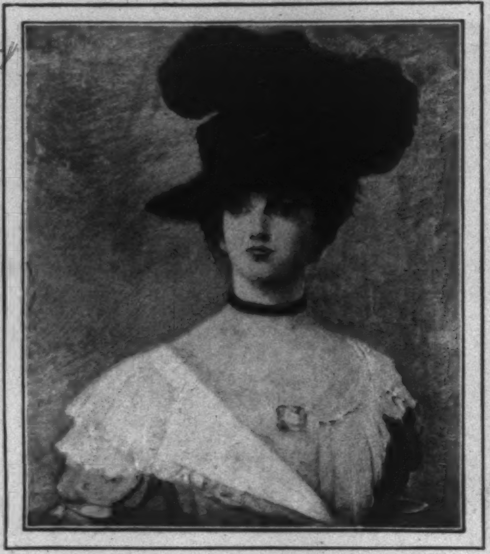


THE PALACE OF CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES.

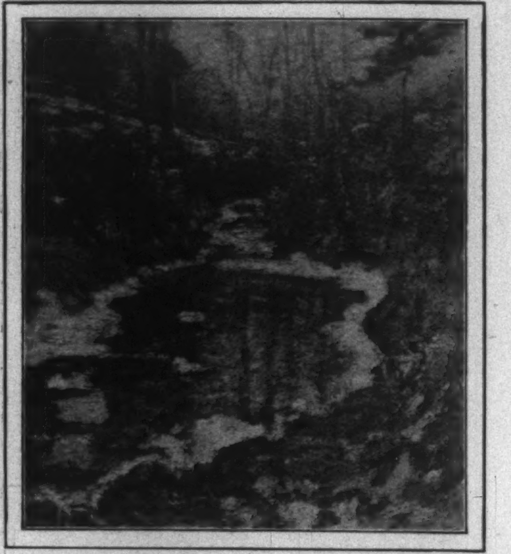
THE PARIS EXPOSITION AS IT APPEARED FOUR WEEKS BEFORE THE DATE OF OPENING.



GLOUCESTER.—BY CHILDE HASSAM.



GIRL WITH THE BLACK HAT.—BY J. ALDEN WEIR.



HEMLOCK POOL.—BY J. H. TWACHTMAN.

Third Exhibition of the "Ten American Painters"

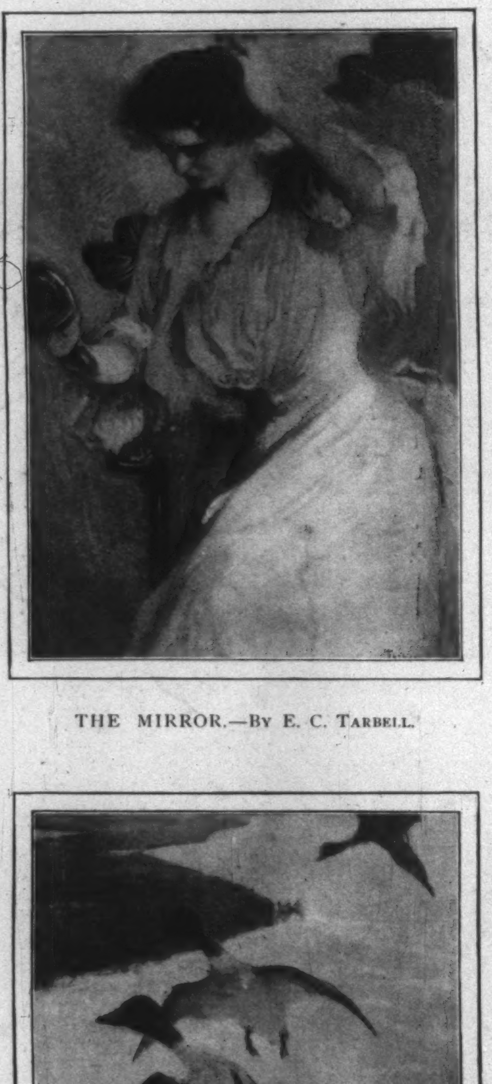
INDIVIDUALITY, as interesting as distinct, characterized this exhibition. Nor was it a collective individuality. The Ten who comprise the organization have nothing in common except difference. Each is unlike his colleagues in aim and method, and is himself apt to vary both according to his mood. Let us applaud, particularly, the latter point; for many painters, quite sincere ones too, allow themselves to get into a groove, confining their efforts to a single phase of subject and to a single form of expression, until the one becomes trite and the other stereotyped. Therefore the unaffected freshness of this little exposition was a great treat. With the exception of Thomas W. Dewing, all the Ten were represented. The three examples of Frank W. Benson showed a decorative intention. One, entitled a "Study for Decoration," represented a girl standing against a background of fir foliage with peeps of sky and hill; the color scheme well devised in dark blues, greens, orange, red, and white—a rich and handsome effect stopping short of subtlety. In this particular, one of his other two pieces, "Wild-Fowl Alighting," is superior. The canvas is divided up into a pattern of brown marsh-land and gray water and sky, and spotting these are the forms of three ducks poised before settling. In the decorative beauty of the simple design and the gracious sobriety of color it has all the charm of the best Japanese drawings. But there is more to it; a gray haze is rising through the picture, and the value of tone in the receding planes is discriminated with the nicest delicacy. The result is a rare blend of bold design with extreme subtlety, not to mention a truthful study of out-of-door nature making it as attractive from the sportsman's point of view as from the artistic one.

Edward Simmons exhibited two portraits and two marines. The latter were small, but excellently large in treatment; full of movement in the air as well as in the water, with a variety and quality in the color tones, and sense of grandeur and force in the waves, quite remarkable in such little canvases. Of the two portraits—both of men—the more distinguished in artistic treatment represented the subject in evening dress, including a white waistcoat, and a cape flung back. His robust frame, assertive carriage, and strong personality had aroused the strength and personal assertion of the painter's style. The canvas, pictorially, was a handsome arrangement of blacks and whites, contrasted with ripe coloring in the flesh tints, the former controlled in quality, so as to have no glare of contrast, and painted with a fine differentiation in the values of the different textures; while the face was strongly constructed and clear in color, and the hands particularly admirable in drawing and full of character.

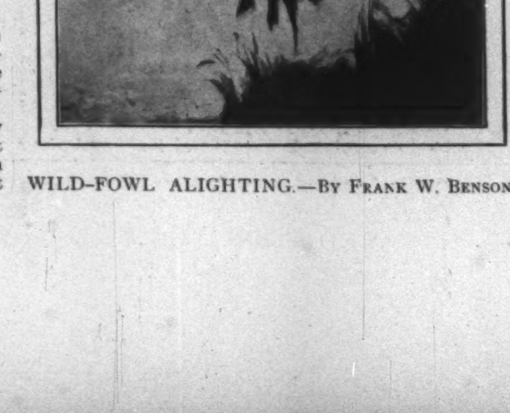
The nude exhibited by Willard L. Metcalf was evidently allowed to leave the studio without a final revision. A great pity, for the picture bids fair to be extremely charming, but the misdrawing of the left thigh was so obvious that it must have interfered with many persons' enjoyment of the excellent painting of the flesh, of the texture of the various fabrics and the quiet richness of the general color scheme.

Next to it hung a portrait by J. R. Decamps, certainly one of the strongest exhibits in the whole gallery. The subject is Mr. Chase, art-dealer, of Boston, and the canvas is a harmony of black and gray and pale flesh hues. But underneath this quiet arrangement, so reticent and balanced, there is a suppressed force, a determined intensity quite remarkable. It is said to be a perfect likeness; one can well believe it; and the calm forcefulness is no doubt characteristic; but it is one of the hardest qualities to reproduce in art, for it needs corresponding intensity and concentration on the part of the artist. Therefore, when one finds it recorded so convincingly as here, one is enthusiastic.

Five pictures represented E. C. Tarbell, and they included at least three motives. One was the effect of figures in clear sunshine, notably in "A Child with a Boat." The little girl, barefooted, stoops to right the boat, her white dress catching the sunshine and reflected in the shallow water, while behind her is a stretch of sea, lapis lazuli in tint, with a rim of yellow cliffs dividing it from the pale blue sky. The spirit of the drawing, the brilliance of color, vivid suggestion of light and breeze, are admirable; but still more the fine assurance of the broad, free strokes of the brush-work. The picture is brimful of cleverness, that is not allowed to run away with itself, and yet never loses its spontaneity. From this admirable impressionism Mr. Tarbell swings off to a "Head," painted with considerable solidity of color and method, and sober in tone. It is an agreeable reminder that in his fondness for light the painter has not lost appreciation for the substantiality of things and the intrinsic worth of their local color. But he is at his best in the fifth picture, "The Mirror." To have done with the subject, it is simply a girl in gray-white dress, sitting sideways, arranging a comb in her hair, while she leans a little forward to look in a mirror held in her other hand; simple enough—but it is the way in which it is done! One does not look for depth in Mr. Tarbell's work—is well content to do without it, provided he will give us, as here, the exquisite feeling of which in his happiest moods he is quite a master. The delicious winding of movement in the girl's body, the supple elegance of her arms, the poise of the one hand and the expressive curling action of that which holds the mirror, and the continuity and unity of movement and feeling throughout the canvas, as well as the refinement in the color and lighting—these are all points which show the sensitive artist and the sincere worker.



THE MIRROR.—BY E. C. TARBELL.



WILD-FOWL ALIGHTING.—BY FRANK W. BENSON.

Among all our landscape-painters, there is none who reaches after the subtle effects of nature more consistently than J. H. Twachtman, and, unlike some of the others, he succeeds in obtaining them by a method of brush-work most robust. It is quite a revelation to view such canvases as "The Brook in Winter" and "The Hemlock Pool," in this exhibition, from a distance, and then to study them at close range. The latter reveals a thickness of pigment and almost incisive application of stroke; while the effect, when seen at proper distance, is delicate beyond description in atmosphere, color, and sentiment. The intimacy with Nature in her least graspable form which those pictures, like others by the same painter, represent is difficult to convey in words. The mere facts of rock, water, snow, bare trees, and prevailing grayness of atmosphere are expressed; but, equally, the torpor of winter—the stillness of bird, insect, and vegetable life, the suppressed animation awaiting renewal of activity—our imagination has felt it, but perhaps hardly realized the difficulty of expressing such in paint on canvas.

Quite the opposite of this delicate shading of sentiment is to be found in Robert Reid's work. His is, rather, simple and straightforward, joyous and free in fancy which finds its natural expression in decorative canvases. The "Autumn" is such a one—three charming girls, wreathed with trailing bunches of Virginia-creeper, a picture glowing in color, pleasant in line, and freshly pure in feeling. His other exhibit is "The Water Sprite," a nude by the side of a brook, rich in color, and pleasantly suggestive of air and light.

Childe Hassam's beautiful "Improvisation," shown at Pittsburg and Philadelphia, and reproduced at the time in HARPER'S WEEKLY, still held its charm, and the "Gloucester Harbor" added one more to his brilliant series of city subjects. The illustration on this page gives some idea of its clever arrangement, but no suggestion of its clear air and delightful coloring. In his third picture, "Autumn," in which opalescent color on rude tints in brilliant sunshine is contrasted with the finely spaced blue and white of the sky and sprays of green foliage and orange and red apples, he has reached a high degree of decorative charm.

Five pictures represented J. Alden Weir, a painter whose work is always more than ordinarily individual. "In the Sunshine" was a charming study of a child with sunny curls bending over a bunch of pale iris; beautifully composed and very delicate in lighting, color, and sentiment. Quite a contrast in method was the portrait of a girl in a black hat, reproduced on this page. In refined harmony of color, in the mingling of breadth and sensitiveness, in the handling, and in the quiet dignity of characterization, it is a most distinguished picture. "Friends"—a lady sitting in the open air engaged in embroidery, with a terrier curled beside her—was excellent in composition and color and in the subtle distribution of the light. Mr. Weir's largest exhibit was "An Afternoon Stroll"—a lady and child in a late autumn landscape. It could not fail to arrest attention; at first, perhaps, with a slight shock, for it shows the disregard of first-sight beauty, characteristic of many of this painter's pictures. But the tender depth of feeling underlying the mere surface, and the sincerity with which it is expressed, make their impression later, and one grows to realize the beauty of the picture. C. H. CAFFIN.

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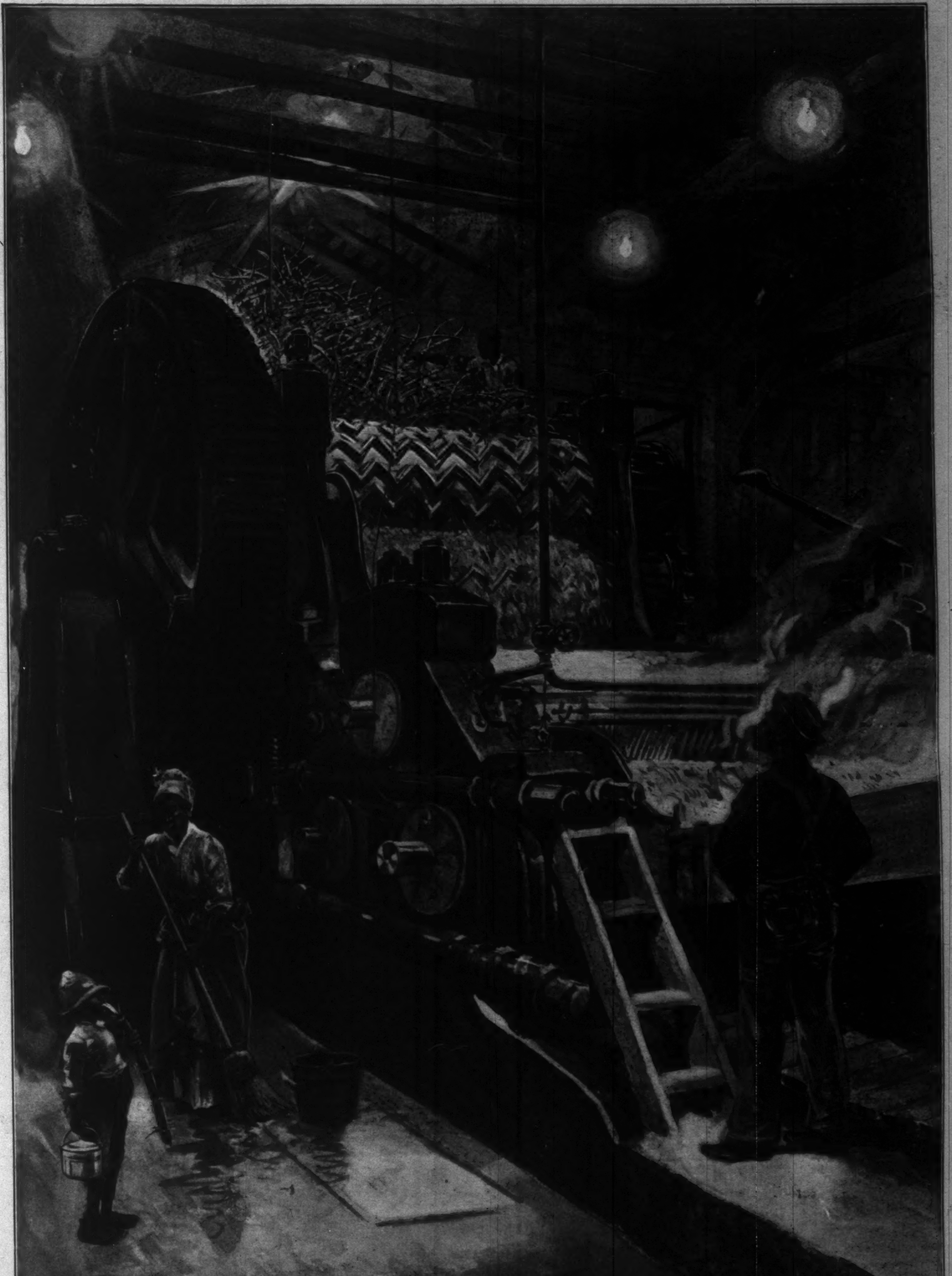
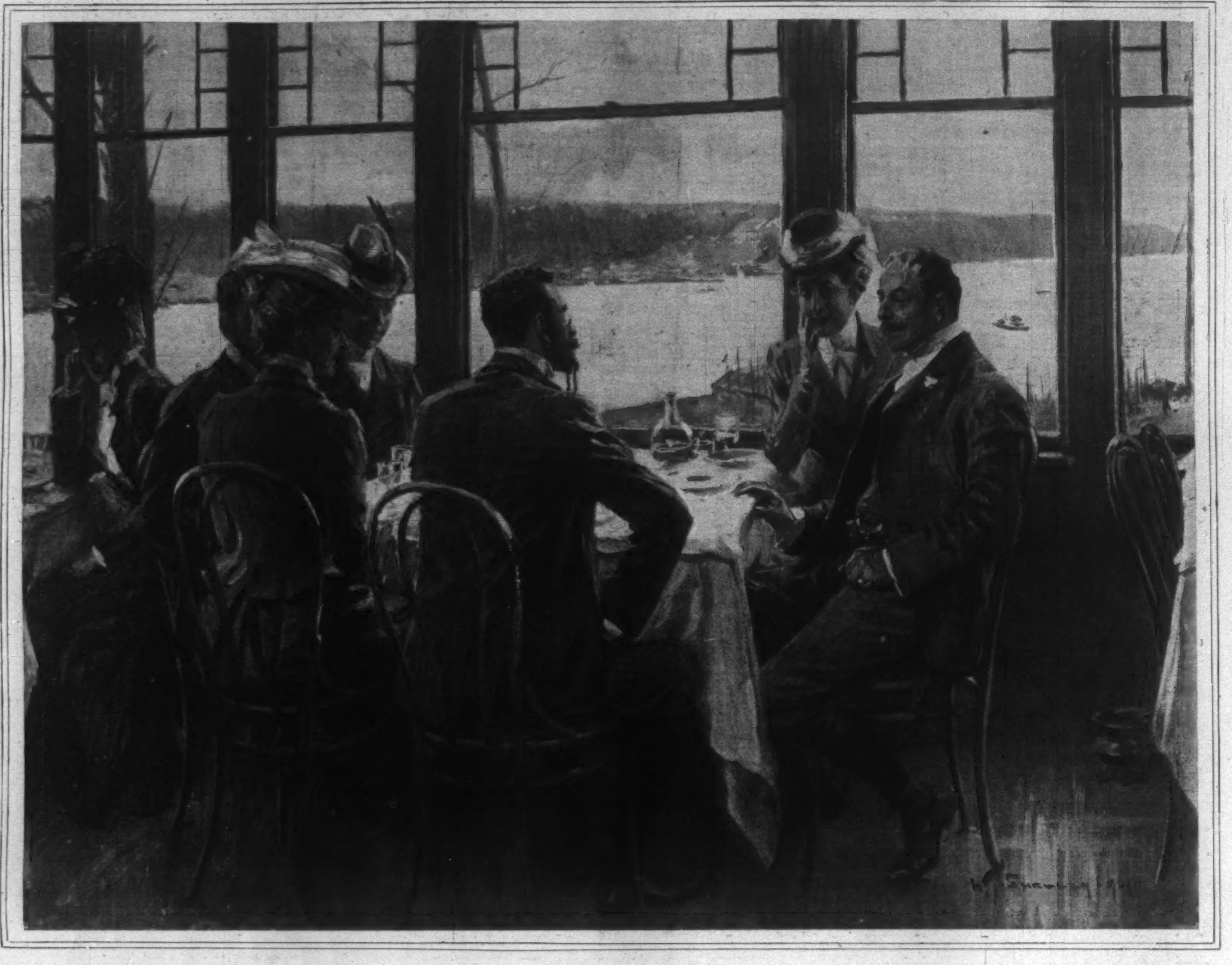


A SUGAR-HOUSE ON THE BAYOU TECHE, LOUISIANA.

A MAMMOTH CANE-CRUSHER AT WORK, SHADYSIDE PLANTATION.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.



ON THE UPPER VERANDA OF THE RESTAURANT A LITTLE PARTY OF SIX LINGERED OVER THEIR LATE LUNCHEON.

THE ACTION AND THE WORD.[*]

By Brander Matthews

CHAPTER XI

THE climate of New York is well known to be capricious, especially in April. That month had begun with a sequence of blustering days which filled the streets with dust; then had come the heavy rain-storm of the night when Evart Brookfield went to Boston; and at last, towards the end of the month, the sky cleared and the sun blazed overhead, and the thermometer rose higher and higher. It was not spring that burst upon the city suddenly, but summer, rather, that burned fiercely, as though impatient to assert its full strength. Refreshed by the rain, the trees in the squares leaved out abundantly, and the grass sprang up most vigorously.

Nowhere within the boundaries of Manhattan did Nature assert herself more successfully than along the Riverside Drive, and nowhere has New York given Nature a better opportunity. By the last Saturday in the month the irregular hill-sides had clothed themselves with beauty, and on that day a cloudless sky domed the mighty river as it swept majestically down through its rocky gateway. Ferry-boats thrust themselves from side to side, while heavy-laden sloops lazily dropped down stream with the tide, and powerful tugs struggled up with a trail of barges retarding their progress. With a sinuous twisting of its manifold links, a freight-train rattled along at the water's edge. High above, on the broad road around Grant's tomb, there was an incessant sequence of carriages and bicycles and equestrians.

Out on the upper veranda of the restaurant a little party of six lingered over their late luncheon, in no hurry to mount their bicycles again. The Vicomte d'Armagnac was the host; he had completed his investigation into profit-sharing in the United States, and he was to return to Paris the next week. Mrs. Jimmy Suydam was the chaperon; and as she sipped her coffee she wondered again why the Frenchman had invited the Bartlett girls, not knowing that these mature maidens had taken to bicycling with a view to such little entertainments as the one at which they were then present. The two other men were Mrs. Suydam's husband and Mr. Rupert De Ruyter.

It was the novelist who waved his cigarette towards the Hudson and said to the host, "That isn't a bad view for a big city to have in its back yard, is it?"

"It is magnificent," d'Armagnac admitted at once, "all simply magnificent."

"Don't you think you will miss all this sunshine when you get back to your gay Paris?" the elder Miss Bartlett inquired, with coquettish intent.

"Oh, Paris is another thing," the Frenchman returned, as though comparison was out of place. Then he sighed as he said, "I have fear that I will be in retard for the lilacs in Paris."

"Is it true that over there horses are going out?" asked Jimmy Suydam.

"Horses going out?" repeated the viscount, doubtfully.

"Going out of fashion, you know," explained Mrs. Suydam's husband. "I hear it's the swagger thing over there to run an automobile."

"Automobilism is the mode, yes," answered d'Armagnac; "but the horse is king of sports always."

"That's what I say," Jimmy returned. "I like to hold the ribbons over a well-matched four, and feel their mouths and let them know who is master. I don't see any fun in steering a steam-engine through the streets; I'd feel like a motor-man on a trolley-car—not but what I'll try it some day if it is going to be the thing."

"What I like about the electric cabs here," Mrs. Suydam declared, "is the uncertainty. When I get into one of them I'm always expecting to run over somebody or run into something, and that breaks in on the monotony of life!"

"But they are so very ugly, the electric cabs," the younger Miss Bartlett insisted. "Just look at that one, now! What does it look like?"

"It is rather clumsy, I must say," De Ruyter returned; "but the gondolas in Venice are quite as dismal in appearance, and yet we've got used to thinking them picturesque."

The elder Miss Bartlett—Miss Kathryn—leaned forward. "Why, I declare," she cried, "if that isn't Carla Brookfield in the very electric cab we were talking about!"

Miss Evangelyn Bartlett chimed in instantly. "So it is," she asserted, adding promptly, with a suspicion of acidity in her tone, "And she's with her own husband, too!"

"I suppose Evert is looking over the ground," explained De Ruyter to d'Armagnac. "You see, they are going to build a viaduct over the valley there to carry the drive farther up along the river; it is to be a monumental undertaking, and they talk of putting a soldiers' and sailors' arch on it, too. I heard that Jones & Brookfield were to be retained as consulting architects, so Evert must have come up this afternoon to look over the ground."

Miss Evangelyn Bartlett hardly waited for him to finish before she snapped out: "But why should Evert bother about things like that, if his wife is going to make ever so much money on the stage?"

And Miss Kathryn followed her sister swiftly: "You know so many managers and actors and bohemians of all sorts, Mr. De Ruyter, perhaps you can tell us when Carla is to make her first appearance on the stage—of course, I mean her first appearance as a real actress."

De Ruyter laughed at this appeal. "Yes," he answered; "I can tell you that."

"Well?" asked one of them.

"When?" asked the other.

"When is Mrs. Evert Brookfield to make her first appearance as a professional?" the novelist said. "Never!"

"Never?" repeated the disappointed pair.

"Never," De Ruyter declared. "It's all off."

"That is what I said always," d'Armagnac asserted; "she was not made for the theatre, that dear Mrs. Brookfield—elle n'est pas cabotine pour un sou."

"Are you sure?" pursued Miss Kathryn.

"Oh, yes," De Ruyter replied. "I had it from the very best authority. Zeke Kilburn was the most disappointed man you ever saw. He thought he had coaxed Mrs. Brookfield into it, and he did offer her terms that would have tempted nine women out of ten. In fact, he seems to have tempted her almost; and she did hesitate, and Zeke had the contract drawn up, and was just going to order his printing. I think even Evert was a little afraid of it, too, for he went around for a week looking as gloomy as an understudy for an undertaker."

"I conceive that," said d'Armagnac. "It would not make his affair to have his wife at the theatre. Et une femme si ensorcelante que la sienne. Il ne doit pas s'ennuyer, ce mari-la!"

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[*] Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY, No. 2250.

"And she resisted all temptations, even terms and contracts and printing, as you call it?" Mrs. Jimmy asked.

"She hesitated, as I said," the novelist responded, "and she wasn't lost, in spite of the proverb. Kilburn thought everything was coming his way; and then when he called with the contract in his pocket she didn't even see him—she just sent down a note conveying to him her decision."

The elder Miss Bartlett sniffed, and said, "I suppose she was afraid of losing her social position."

Mrs. Suydam laughed. "You speak of her social position as if it was a collar-button or something of that sort, to be lost by a slip of the finger, and then to be picked up from the carpet."

"It is not on the carpet that Mrs. Brookfield is going to act," said De Ruyter, looking around to see if his little jest had been appreciated before he lighted another cigarette.

"I don't think Dr. Brookfield would have liked to see his daughter-in-law on the stage," the younger Miss Bartlett asserted.

Again Mrs. Jimmy laughed a little satirically.

"You know what Miss Marlenspuyk once said in a similar case? 'Actresses will happen even in the best families.'"

"I must say, I think Carla's eyes are a little showy for private life," suggested Miss Kathryn. "Don't you think so?"

This query was thrust at d'Armagnac, but he was too wary to commit himself.

Once more Mrs. Suydam turned the subject. "Evert Brookfield's eyes are lovely, if you like; they are appealing, just like a big Newfoundland dog's."

"Funny beggars, Newfoundlands," interjected her husband.

The elder Miss Barnett was not willing to relinquish her prey. She began again, "Monsieur d'Armagnac."

"Mademoiselle?" he responded, with his habitual courtesy.

"You are a Frenchman," she continued, "and you have seen society in Paris and in London and in New York. Now tell us what you really think of Mrs. Brookfield. Do you think she is good style?"

"Oh, mademoiselle," he answered, "I am a stranger here. Of what right can I express an opinion? All I can say you of Mrs. Brookfield is that she is charming—all that is most charming of the American type."

"Ah, but is Mrs. Brookfield an American type?" asked De Ruyter. "It is true the American type is the result of cross-fertilization; and she is a hybrid. She came from St. Louis, and perhaps her great-grandfather was a Greaser. That's where she gets her creole grace and her creole walk. Did you ever notice Mrs. Brookfield's walk? Well, that's what trails a man after a woman, a swimming walk like hers, with its implied appeal for the support of a man's arm."

"Well, I must say!" said Miss Kathryn.

"For my part," Miss Evangelyn asserted, "I do not think that a walk like that is very nice, do you?"

D'Armagnac noticed that the expression had changed slightly on Mrs. Suydam's face, as though she was wearying of this prolonged discussion of another woman.

De Ruyter lacked the Frenchman's swiftness of perception, and he blundered ahead.

"There is a certain type of woman—I don't say it's an American type especially," the novelist continued, "and of course I don't mean to suggest for a moment that Mrs. Brookfield belongs to it—far be it from me to do such a thing. But there is a type of the *ewig Weibliche* which is always a little surprised when it meets a man who doesn't more or less fall in love with her, and which is also a little taken aback when a man does fall in love with her. The woman of that type is a born flirt; she can't help flirting at every stage of her career; in her cradle she flirted with the doctor, at school she flirted with the teacher, and when she's dead she'll sit up on ice to flirt with the undertaker!"

"Oh, horrible!" cried one Miss Bartlett.

"What a repulsive suggestion!" said the other.

"And yet if that woman," De Ruyter went on, "only has the good luck to fall in with just the right husband, then you see one of those happy marriages that keep up the reputation of heaven as a match-factory. He can't help loving her, of course; and if she only loves him, she makes the most devoted of wives."

"And do you think Carla Brookfield is as much in love with her husband as all that?" asked Miss Kathryn.

"As I said, I was not talking about Mrs. Brookfield," the novelist began.

"Oh no," interrupted Miss Evangelyn; "of course not!"

"But since you ask me," he continued, "I must say that I have never seen a wife more in love with her husband than Mrs. Brookfield is."

"Ca, c'est vrai!" commented the Frenchman; and leaning toward De Ruyter to reach another cigar, he lowered his voice, and added, "Le premier jour, je voyais bien qu'il n'y avait rien a faire la."

"I say, d'Armagnac," said Jimmy Suydam, "these cigars of yours are not half bad, are they? I don't care if I take another."

There was a moment's silence, and then Mrs. Jimmy said calmly: "Carla is a dear girl, and I am getting to be very fond of her—I am, indeed—and I shall never forget her kindness in acting for my working-girls. But I don't really see what it is in her you men seem to find so fascinating. You can't say she is really a beauty, can you? You don't know what color her hair is, or her eyes either—not that that matters much. But you can't deny that her mouth is too large, and her hands too big, and her figure too—well, too plump, if you will have it."

And while her friends were thus dissecting her charms and her character, Carla Brookfield was perfectly happy in the company of her husband, who was explaining to her how he proposed to solve the difficult problem of bridging the Manhattan valley.

THE END

AMERICAN CHARITY IN CUBA

FOR Americans who seek a field for philanthropic work beyond the boundaries of the United States, Cuba certainly presents a great opportunity. The hope of any country is in its rising generation, and this is most emphatically true of the Cuba of to-day. Notwithstanding the special need in this case, the present condition of the children of the masses is deplorable. Throughout the entire lives of these children Cuba has been in a turmoil. The Spaniards paid little attention to the education of the people in time of peace, and in time of war even a perfunctory effort in that direction was abandoned. The people were driven together in great herds. Heads of families joined the insurgent or Spanish volunteer troops. Those who staid at home were deprived largely of a means of livelihood. Many children became orphans, and wandered through the cities and villages like stray dogs. Many were abandoned by their legitimate or natural parents to do likewise, and when the Americans came to Cuba they found thousands of these homeless little creatures demanding the attention of the officers appointed to distribute relief.

The government, dealing with the matter in an impersonal way, fed the hungry, sheltered the homeless, clothed the naked, and doctored the sick. No discrimination was made as to age, sex, or previous condition. In the city of Havana alone the distribution of food ran as high as $40,000 a month during the earlier period of the occupation, and similar work was carried on in every settlement in Cuba. The acute stage of destitution was passed some months ago. Work has been gradually resumed. Heads of families have found employment, and conditions once more approach the normal, so far as the necessity for public charity is concerned. The element of adults hopelessly dependent, or who are chronic paupers, has been reduced to the minimum, and it can be said, to the credit of the Cuban people, that it is a small percentage of the population even in its lowest stratum.

With all this admirable work accomplished by the American officials there yet remained the problem of the children—those who were in fact and in effect orphans, and those whose parents could not give them proper care. These classifications include the great majority of the children of Cuba. These children were born in times of stress, and neglected from their birth. Many of them are more like little fear-haunted animals than human beings. Food, shelter, clothing, and medicine do for their bodies, but it is their minds which need attention. The government has now inaugurated a system of free schools which in time will meet all the needs for public instruction, but there is other work to be done for these children if they are to develop into useful citizens. Something must be done to teach them how to live.

It is claimed that there are 300,000 orphan children in Cuba. This is undoubtedly an over-estimate, but if the statement was made that there are 300,000 children who are not in a position to be properly cared for by natural guardians it could hardly be disputed. There are a number of long-established institutions for orphans, but the total number they can care for is a very small percentage of the number seeking admission. It is the intention to provide public institutions of this kind in every municipality, but this will take time and taxation, and in the mean while the children are passing through the most impressionable years of their lives under conditions radically wrong. When public attention turned towards Cuba as a result of the war these conditions were at once recognized by thoughtful and philanthropic Americans, and it was not long after the Spaniards left the island before some effort was made to relieve them. Individuals went to Cuba, and with what money they could solicit started small orphan schools in the various cities. Others combined and made a better showing proportionately. Some of these individual efforts have been misguided and productive of little result, but nearly all have been inspired by high motives and a spirit of charitableness and self-sacrifice. The government has extended more or less aid to all these institutions by the issue of rations.

The most systematic and practical attempt to help the children of Cuba has been made by the Cuban Orphan Society of New York. The two men who have given the most time, effort, and genuine interest to the work of this society are General Francis V. Greene and Mr. Charles W. Gould, who were in Havana as representatives of the American government during the trying times of the fall of 1898. From another source, the Episcopal Church, has come to the aid of this work a strong current of philanthropic interest, infusing its power through New York social circles. The result of these forces was shown about the middle of April, 1899, when a large meeting was held at the residence of Ex-Governor Levi P. Morton, and it was then decided to undertake some work on behalf of Cuban children who had become orphans as a result of the war.

It was then late in the season; New York people of means were fast leaving town for the summer; every one was exhausted in purse and enthusiasm by the war, and there was little reason to expect a very generous response to a new call for charity. However, the work was begun, and only three restrictions were laid upon its character. It was to be, above all else, educational; it was to be non-sectarian and non-political. The subscriptions came in with a rapidity surprising to those who originated the movement, and up to the present time nearly fifty thousand dollars has been voluntarily contributed for the work.

Miss Laura D. Gill, well known in the United States for her Red Cross and educational work, was selected to take charge in the field. Energetic, self-reliant, and positive in her intelligent understanding of what is needed, this admirable woman has since carried on most successfully a work which at its best is difficult, unattractive, and discouraging. She has done so well with this private mission that the American government officials in Cuba have learned to trust to her judgment in public works of similar character, and she now acts as a sort of advisory counsel to the Governor in all much matters.

During the summer of 1899 regular settlement work was established in a little country town thirteen miles from Havana, which had been a famous health resort, but in which disease, starvation, and despair had worked a terrible transformation. There were families of children living entirely without grown relatives, scratching a meagre subsistence from the untilled soil, without agricultural implements and without the advice of adults. Here two hundred children of school age were represented by only four attendants at the public school.

A school was opened. Two kindergartens with classes in common Spanish branches and English were arranged. The boys formed an agricultural club; land was ploughed for them; seeds were furnished; an expert farmer directed their planting. Extra liquid foods, such as milk, bouillon, and cod-liver oil, were given to especially anæmic children at intervals during school hours. Scrofulous and skin diseases were treated by a trained nurse, and general ideas of cleanliness were taught by precept and example.

In Remedios, in Santa Clara Province, an asylum or industrial school was opened for as many children as the town authorities thought really needed a home and education. The children are received upon the certificate of the Mayor of the town, and are trained in house-work, sewing, and agriculture, as well as receiving regular school instruction. The happiness of the children in the home is very touching, and their sense of ownership is amusing. One little girl naively stated her intention to do all in her power to have the house nice, giving as her reason, "I intend to live here until I get married."

One enterprising six-year-old miss walked in several miles from the country all alone, laid systematic siege to the leading physician, until he finally, in despair, sent her to the Mayor. She convinced the Mayor of her eligibility to admission to the home, obtained his certificate, returned to the astounded physician, exacted from him a health certificate, and triumphantly appeared alone at the school entrance one afternoon to claim her place.

In Havana the society has had a modest training-class for Cuban kindergartners. In Cienfuegos *a normal* has been lent to the town orphan homes as acting educational manager; a kindergarten teacher has also been lent, who will give normal training to the young women who are teaching the children. In Guantanamo the same arrangement for a kindergarten trainer has been made. Besides this regular educational work, many supplies have been distributed among asylums and hospitals when temporary relief was needed and where the power to act without formalities, as with government aid, was a great advantage.

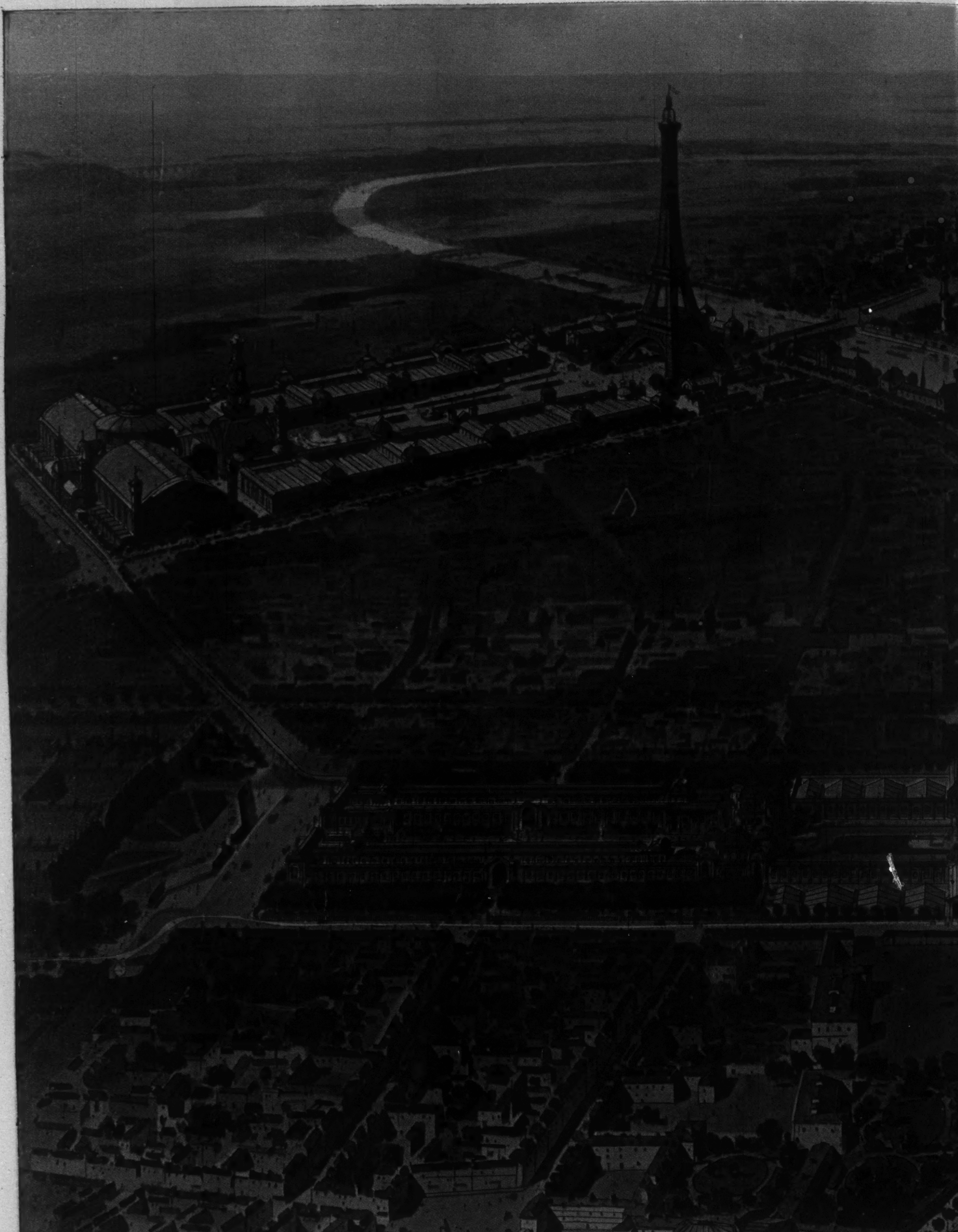
In speaking of this work in Cuba to a representative of HARPER'S WEEKLY recently, Miss Gill said: "The need for outside charitable assistance must in the very nature of things be of short duration. The children will grow up almost before their needs are realized. It is this urgency of the present situation and the slowness with which it is perceived that make those in charge fear lest the critical point may pass unnoticed, and a generation of ignorant, undisciplined, lawless, and immoral men and women may check the normal progress of civilization in Cuba. The need is so great, and the opportunity for successfully meeting it so brief, that the great question is what is best to do first. The Cuban Orphan Society has started with the local gathering of the children, and the experience of those in charge of these gatherings has led them to wonder if the type of human being now developing from the childhood of Cuba is one to induce hope or fear for the future of the island twenty years hence. The ends being worked for are: first, the utmost redemption possible from the general degenerate physical state; second, discipline in regular, patient application to an end; third, command of some honorable means of livelihood.

"The children are anæmic, bilious, half starved, and fever-stricken. They not only have lost the physical strength for play and exercise, but they have lost the spontaneity of heart which prompts a child to play. No mere placing them under shelter will bring back their elasticity. They must be taught how to play, taught what to sing, taught not to fear. Physical training, kindergarten plays, and voice-culture thus become a hundredfold more necessary than among children from comfortable homes. It would be a benefit to be felt for generations if fifty Cuban girls were taken to-day into a training-class for physical culture, and then detailed to various towns throughout the island to watch over this almost unnoticed peril to Cuban vitality."

Governor Wood adds his testimony to the needs of the children of Cuba by his outspoken opposition to indiscriminate charity on the island. He urges all those charitably inclined to unite, and produce something tangible for the money and effort expended. He believes that the best that can be done for the Cubans in this direction is to build and equip completely a school, hospital, or asylum, and when the time is ripe, turn it over without restriction to the local Cuban authorities, to be supported and administered by them.

To-day there is no provision in Cuba for a refractory but not wicked child; there is no place for a blind, deaf, or deficient child; there are few places giving a pretence of practical industrial education to homeless boys. A million dollars invested within six months in establishing suitable industrial schools for the thousands of Cuban orphans will produce the much-needed returns in intelligent citizenship and honest womanhood.

J. D. WHELPLEY.



SUPPLEMENT TO *HARPER'S WEEKLY NUMBER*. 2260, April 14, 1900.

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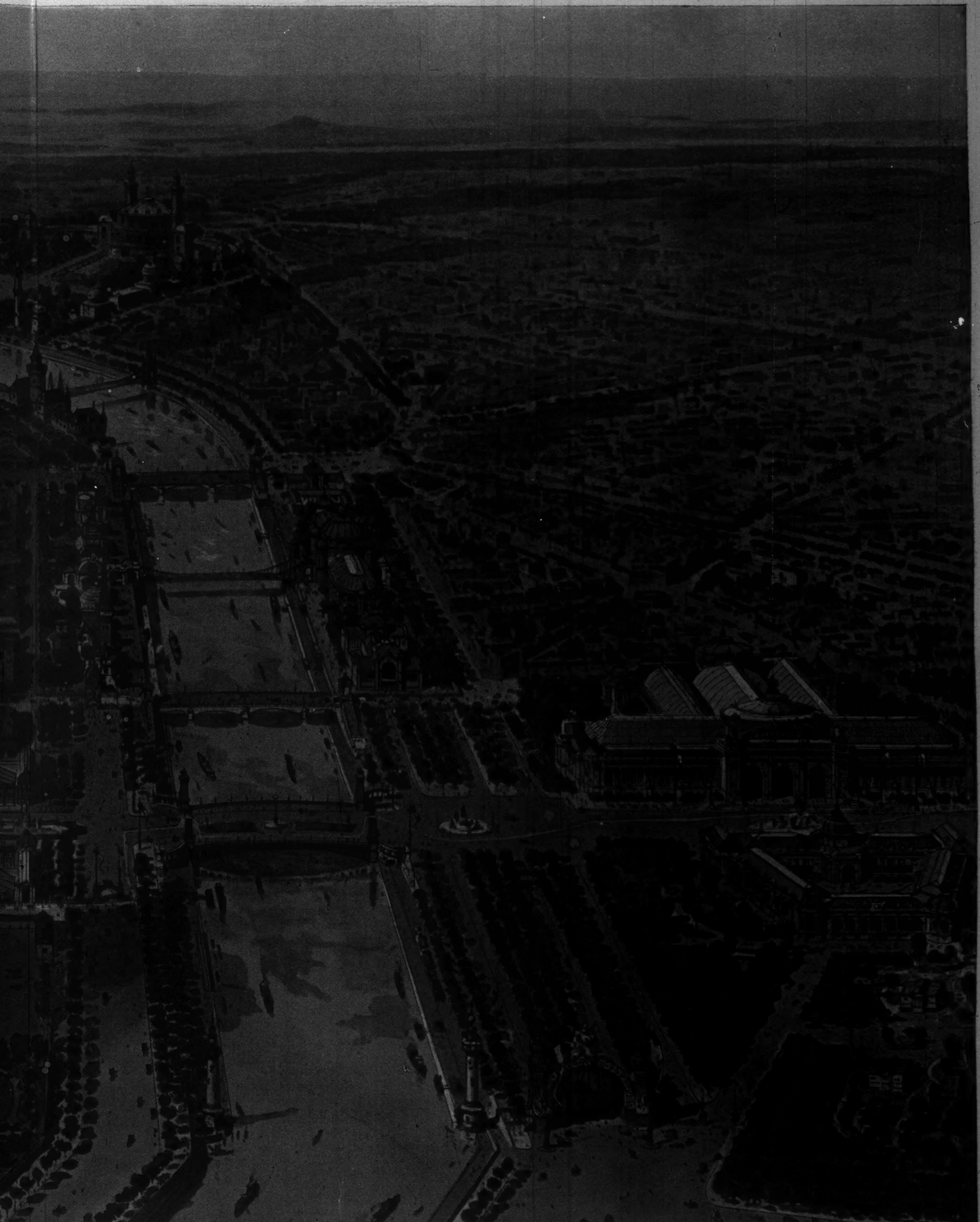

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PARIS EXPOSITION *of* 1900

CHLORIS OF THE ISLAND

BY H. B. MARRIOTT WATSON

CHAPTER II.

ROGER WARBURTON REMAINS.

WARBURTON re-entered the inn with a smile upon his face, and stood in the hall, deliberately patting the red abrasion on his cheek with a kerchief. Here the innkeeper, Tremayne, met him, displaying many marks of agitation.

"This is a terrible business—a terrible business, sir," he kept repeating.

Warburton eyed him coldly, seeing in him a mere craven who shrinks from risks and responsibilities.

"You must prepare a room for the lady," he cried, shortly; "she will have to stay here to-night."

"Was she—was the gentleman married, sir?" asked Tremayne.

"No; the lady was to have been his wife. 'Twas a runaway match," said Warburton, turning from him.

"Good God! to think of that! I would have given worlds that it shouldn't ha' happened," cried the miserable innkeeper.

Warburton opened the door of the long room, which was still in darkness. The wood fire spluttered and danced and shot long streams of light across the wainscot. Shirley's body lay stretched as he had left it, a patch of yellow flame illuminating one side of the face. Beside him was crouched Dorothy Holt, gazing with stupefaction at the dead. He addressed her:

"Come, Miss Holt; I have ordered a room for you. You had better drink a stiff glass and rest."

"What would you do with me?" she asked, in a little whimper, as though she were surrendering herself like a child.

"You shall go home to-morrow. 'Tis too late to-night," he returned. "I will convey word to Sir George."

She burst out sobbing so that her body was shaken.

"Come, come," said he, very kindly; "let me lift you. You are no weight, madam. There is a room elsewhere which you must seek." He led her, half supporting her with his arm, through the doorway, and presently conducted her to her chamber. On the threshold he paused.

"Will you send me back to morrow?" she whispered, clinging to him.

"Perish me if I don't!" he said, heartily. "I'll have you at home to dine comfortably, I promise you."

"What will you do?" she asked, with an hysterical sob.

"I am needed here, Miss Holt," he replied, after a perceptible silence; "yet I will see you home, child," he added, soothingly.

"Don't leave me," she pleaded, with an outburst. Her slender arms were about his shoulders.

"You have my word, child," said Warburton, imperturbably.

She leaned her brown-gold head towards him, and cried fiercely in his ear, "Kill them—kill them for me!"

"Faith, my dear," said Warburton, good-humoredly, "I am going to do that for myself."

He put her gently through the door, as if he had more important matters which called him, and descended to Tremayne. "The time is near eleven o'clock," said he. "I would be awoke at six to-morrow, and the lady too. Also, give word to the postilion of what we intend."

Yet these designs were not carried out according to his purpose, for scarce an hour was passed when there was a deep commotion at the door, and a knocking followed. Warburton looked from his nightcap, and then throwing aside the curtains, peered into the night. What he saw there drove him quickly from the room, and he came into the entrance hall as a short, brisk, elderly man entered.

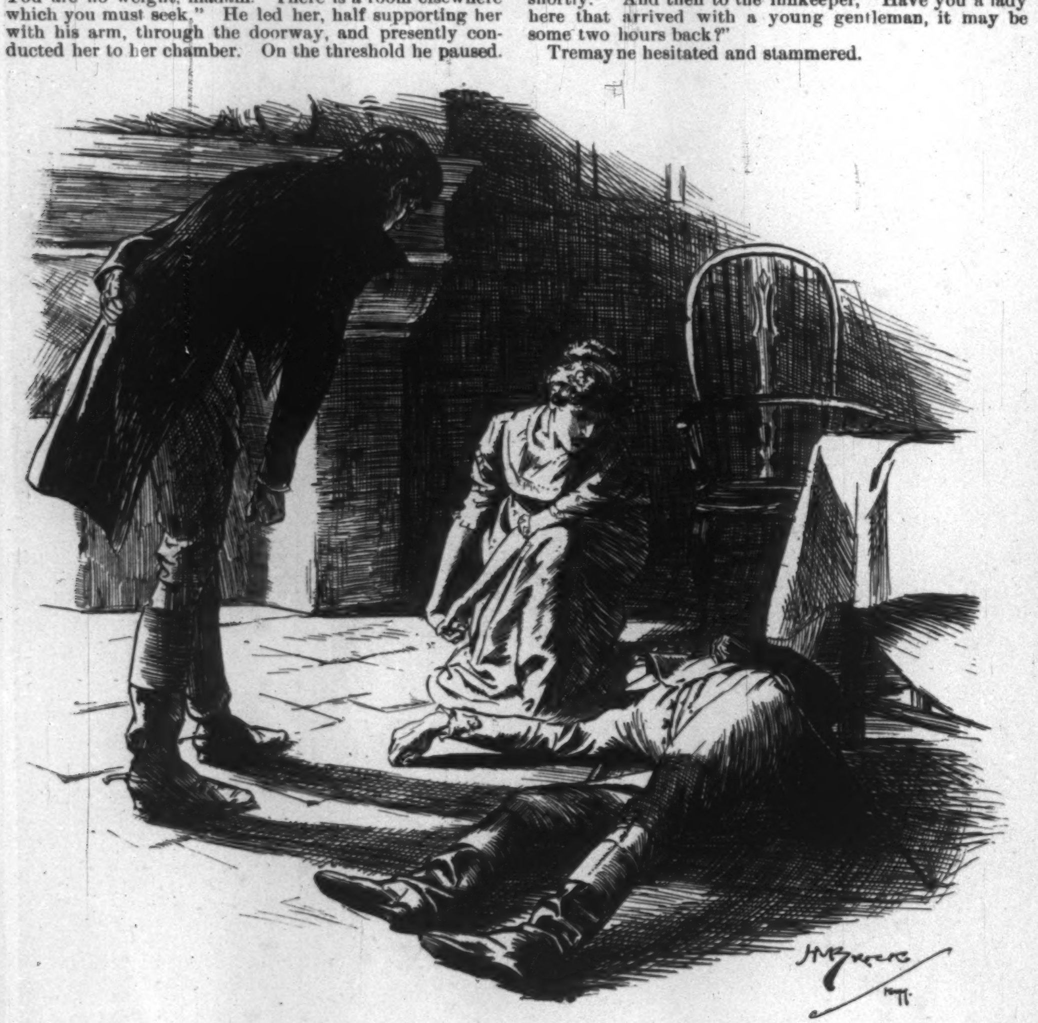
"Sir George Everett," said he, bowing solemnly.

"Mr. Warburton," said the older man. "I know your family. I expected not to see you here, nor that you would meddle in this business."

"I assure you, sir, I have meddled in nothing," returned Warburton, coolly; "but I desire you to take a seat with me in this room."

Sir George Everett waved his hand impatiently. "I do not know how you stand, sir," he said, "but I shall know shortly." And then to the innkeeper, "Have you a lady here that arrived with a young gentleman, it may be some two hours back?"

Tremayne hesitated and stammered.



SHIRLEY'S BODY LAY STRETCHED IN THE FIRELIGHT.

"Come, quick!" said the baronet, impatiently.

"'Tis true, your honor, that two such entered here some time back," replied the poor innkeeper, "but indeed I am not responsible."

"Bah!" said Sir George, interrupting; "I care not what you are responsible for. Let the lady know that I am here."

"Sir George," said Warburton again, "I repeat, I desire you will take a seat with me to discuss certain matters."

"Be damned if I do!" said Everett, irritably. "I have had pother enough in this pursuit as it is, to lend myself to more talk."

"Well, sir," said Warburton, curtly, "then you will have it. Your ward's name is sadly tarnished by this flight."

"She may be picked out in spots for what I care," said Sir George, pettishly.

"Nay, you do yourself injustice," remonstrated Warburton. "But she must go back with you."

"My good sir, I am come for that," said Sir George, impatiently, "and to clap her friend in gaol."

"That you may not do," said the other. Everett regarded him questioningly. "He has been struck dead. He has had judgment delivered on him already," said Warburton, ironically. "He has escaped you, sir."

"Why, the devil, what is this?" demanded Everett.

"'Twas a bloody fight with some black bravo," said Warburton. "He lies yonder, and your ward is asleep in her room."

Sir George Everett lifted his eyebrows and shrugged his shoulders. "'Tis a bad piece of work as I hear it from you," he said. "Yet I may confess it mightily conveniences me."

"They would be at sea otherwise," explained Warburton.

"Pish!" said Sir George, with a sneer. "The jade does not know her mind; and she hath no heart." He commanded the innkeeper to fetch her down; and in response to Warburton's objections: "I tell you, Mr. Warburton, I will tarry no more here. The sooner the better, though we ride all night."

Yet when his ward was brought he addressed her not unkindly.

"I catch you on a fool's errand, miss," he said. "Go, prepare for a return forthwith;" and he added, with some sensible consideration in his voice: "You are to go home, child. This is no place for you, and you have no right here."

"To-morrow," said she, exhibiting some spirit for the first time—"to-morrow I should have had a right."

"All flesh is grass," said he, with a grin. "You are in bondage again for all your trickery. Yet I would not be hard. Dorothy, you must obey me."

Her eyes dwelled on Warburton's face, as though making an appeal to him, and he came forward.

"Can I be of service, sir? Use my offices if you have any need of them. You are welcome."

"No," said Sir George; "you will stay here, I suppose. You are kind, but I can manage a wayward girl. We shall lie somewhere upon the road. I will not have her here. You are right to stay. I thank God it has ended comfortably," with which queer sentiment he bowed to Warburton and withdrew into a private room until Miss Holt should be ready.

When these were gone Warburton himself went up to bed, considering with himself not a little. He had resolved to stay until the coroner had sat upon the body; and, indeed, if he had desired to depart, he was not allowed for this reason. He was a witness of the death, and he asked no better than to give his evidence on that cruel deed. Warburton was but slowly moved, but once in motion he stopped with difficulty. At present his deliberate wits were engaged in turning over the incidents of that tragic night, and neither he nor any other could determine as yet how they would affect him. He had a notion, but there was nothing of it expressed upon his smooth face the next morning, when, after a wholesome breakfast, he began to put questions to Tremayne. He wanted to know who were these Carmichaels, and by what right they bullied the country-side.

"They're a proud race, sir," was the innkeeper's answer; "they've always held themselves high, and other folk too. They live on Lynsea."

"Lynsea?" said Warburton. "Where is Lynsea?"

The innkeeper pointed out of the window. "If you mount that bluff of sand, sir, you will look out upon the Gut to the east, and the Gut is what separates Lynsea from the mainland."

"Ah, 'tis an island," mused Warburton, "and these gentry own it."

"It was the property of the Tantellions," explained Tremayne, "and Sir Stephen Carmichael bought it from the heir-at-law some fifteen years ago."

"They give themselves airs for such new-comers," said Warburton.

“I would not say any harm of them,” said the landlord, hurriedly; “they are very good customers to me. But Mr. Nicholas has a quick temper—no doubt of that.”

The phrase tickled Warburton's sense of humor agreeably, and he laughed aloud.

“Why, yes, he has a very quick temper, as you say,” he said. “A quick temper has Mr. Nick. We might say that there is something of the devil behind him, and spurs him on. He is an ugly enemy.”

“That is so, sir,” ventured the innkeeper, respectfully, but with a clandestine look at his interrogator. “No man hereabouts would like to cross Mr. Nicholas. Not that he is not generous enough, but he has a sore temper.”

“Aye,” says Warburton, in a dry, meditative voice.

“'Tis a nasty cut you have, sir,” pursued Tremayne, as if not unwilling to turn the conversation. “Was it a fall? I have a simple for an open bruise on the bone.”

“Thank ye, I will not use your simple, landlord,” answered Warburton, slowly. “No, 'twas no fall. I think it was a blunder. I dare say I shall carry that mark with me to the grave. In truth, I would not lose it immediately. It has some close associations which I do not wish to dispel. I will keep it open that I may be reminded. I should be loath to miss that scar for some time to come.”

Tremayne, who was a very brisk man with sharp eyes, but a sad coward, studied his averted face attentively and with anxiety. He showed uneasiness in his guest's presence and reluctance under his examination, which facts had been noted by Warburton, whose observation was quick enough, if his brain worked leisurely. It was plain that the man went in fear of these Carmichaels, but for what reason Warburton could not guess.

The inquest was appointed for four o'clock that afternoon, and towards three Warburton was informed that Sir Stephen Carmichael begged the honor of an interview. He descended and found a tall and venerable man, who accosted him with great ceremony.

“Mr. Warburton,” he began, with much grace, and leaning heavily on a stick, “I am come about this miserable affair. I deplore it. That unhappy youth—” he made a vague and indifferent gesture towards the room in which lay the body of Jack Shirley, waiting the coroner. “I lament the trivial origin of modern duels, but I am not a young man.”

“The stroke,” said Warburton, coolly, “was an evil one. For an older man so to thrust a young lad, and with such vice, was assassination. The affray was provoked.”

“Ah!” cried Sir Stephen, with a sigh. “You agitate me. My poor Nick! He has a damnable temper. We are of Irish blood, Mr. Warburton, and it breaks out. I am too old, but Nick is young, and he has a devil.”

“Aye,” said Warburton, nodding, “that he has.”

Those keen eyes were bent on him as though they could strike into the private chambers of his heart and pry out what he thought. But Warburton stood like a wall of stone, impervious and impenetrable, and after a pause the baronet turned away with an impatient adjustment of his fingers, as though he would dismiss forever this stolid, stupid Englishman. But what he said was dictated by a delicate courtesy and characterized by fine manners.

“I trust I have not disturbed or offended you in this call, Mr. Warburton,” he said, “but I could not resist the impulse to tell you of my profound regret. I know nothing which has upset me so these two years.”

“You are very good,” said Warburton, civilly, bowing.

There was nothing said after this, and Sir Stephen left, walking with difficulty by the aid of his stick. When he had gone the younger man returned to his occupation, and read quietly until the coroner was announced. Then he made his way into the long room, where the body of the unfortunate boy was exposed upon a table.

Coroner's inquests in those times, and particularly in such outlying and private corners, were by no means ordered with the formality and precision of later days. Yet there was about this a fine show of decorum and all the austerity which characterizes English justice. Nicholas Carmichael gave his evidence, which was supported by his brother; and the poltroon Tremayne corroborated both. The story, as they made it out, differed in some particulars from that which Warburton had to tell. According to these three witnesses, the dead man had conducted himself truculently, and so provoked a quarrel. He had defamed the Carmichaels and challenged Nicholas to the duel. This had its rise in an unfortunate accident which occurred earlier in the evening. The Carmichaels had been riding hard down the combe, and unluckily collided with some horses in the darkness. These, as was subsequently discovered, were conveying Mr. Shirley's chaise. Mr. Shirley had chosen to take affront at this accident, and had used it to provoke Mr. Carmichael. The version was exceedingly plausible, nay, Warburton himself could not contradict it in any detail. Yet the spirit of that fatal conflict was not rendered in such a mild translation into language. Nicholas Carmichael's ferocious eyes still sparkled in Warburton's fancy, and he regarded the man as he gave his evidence with amazement and curiosity.

The innkeeper it was who most excited Warburton's anger. He was visibly affected with fears, and shrank from questions. Yet he bore out the brothers' statements, acknowledging that Mr. Shirley was the first to attack, but declared that he saw nothing of the fight, since he had rushed from the room in search of some one who might interfere between the combatants. It was not long ere Warburton could see in what direction the result would lie. He displayed no animosity in his own evidence, for he had already decided that restitution for this crime would be exacted outside the courts of justice. The law, or at least those rude jurors, living under the terror of the Carmichaels, would look upon it benevolently. He admitted, therefore, that his friend had been excited by wine, while adding that he had been very justly aggrieved by the accident in the combe. “What I want to say is this,” he said, deliberately, looking at Nicholas Carmichael, “that this man wilfully and viciously killed a boy of twenty-one, who had little skill and no head, and who was already half tipsy with drinking.”

He was called to order sharply by the coroner, who admonished him that what he saw and not what he thought was required of him.

“I have said what I have to say,” said he, simply, and stood down.

By assiduous study and the most diligent consultation those free jurors came to a conclusion, which, however negligent of official form, must have admirably suited the Carmichaels. They found that “the deceased was dead, having been killed in a duel with Nicholas Carmichael, Esq., of Lynsea, who had endeavored to avert the same, and upon whom no responsibility rested.”

“In fact, sirs,” summed up the coroner, upon the top of this deliverance, “Mr. Carmichael's honor remains unchanged.”

Warburton listened without a word, but his nostrils distended and his cheeks flushed slightly. He met Nicholas Carmichael's sneering countenance, and stared on him full for some minutes. Then he left the room and put on his hat, walking down to the village, which was a scattered collection of houses gathered to the sea. Here, some time later, Philip Carmichael met him, and gave him an impudent and friendly nod.

“Gad! this is a devilish nasty business, Mr. Warburton,” said he, easily, “a devilish nasty business.”

“I suppose it is,” answered Warburton, eying him. The younger Carmichael stared as though he were puzzled by this exhibition of indifference.

“He was a hot-head, was Shirley. So too is Nick. Nick has the deuce of a temper.”

“So I have heard,” said Warburton. “So Sir Stephen Carmichael was good enough to explain.”

Philip's face looked somewhat perplexed. “You have seen my father?” said he. “Well, I'm devilish sorry for it all—so I am.”

Warburton nodded and passed on. Sir Stephen also had expressed his sorrow for the tragedy, but that was before the verdict.

When he regained the Three Feathers the innkeeper attended him, seeming now more cheerful and sprightly. Warburton's disgust did not sound in his words as he congratulated the man on being clear of a trouble.

“I go to-morrow with the body. The boy must lie with his fathers,” said he.

“Ah, sir, I was intending to ask you that,” said Tremayne, briskly. “Now these sad events are over, you will be thinking of going. I'm sure I'm sorry to lose your custom, sir, seeing that there is little enough—”

“Nay, worry not yourself, my good fellow,” interrupted Warburton. “I shall return.”

“Return!” echoed the innkeeper, in a voice which rang at once with amazement and disquiet.

“Aye, sir, return,” pursued Warburton. “The truth is, Tremayne, I like your wine, and I have a particular zest for your brandy.”

“To be sure, sir,” said the fellow, whose face had fallen cold and flabby.

“He wants me gone,” said Warburton to himself, as he strolled out of the inn and made his way towards the dunes. “Why the devil does he want me gone?”

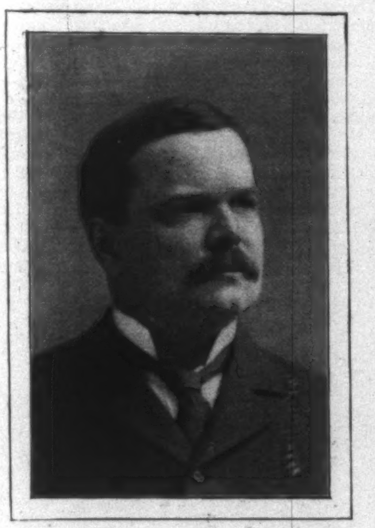
He walked in a meditative state for an hour or more, taking the strong winds that blew off the water. But just as he was purposing to return he saw below him on the sandy beach of a little cove a man's figure busy with a boat. He watched it idly until the skiff was launched, when of a sudden (he knew not how) a familiar character brought the man's identity to his mind. It was Tremayne.

Warburton watched him laying his course for the island of Lynsea, which rose a mile away to the northwest, and he frowned.

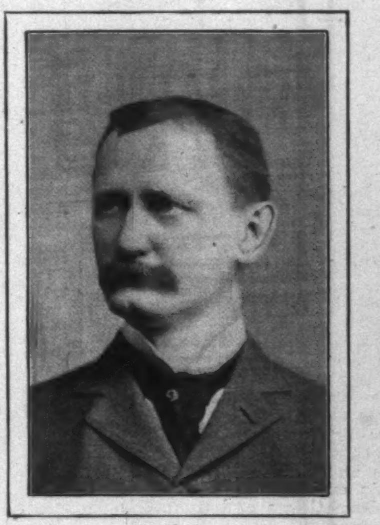
“Now why the devil,” he communed with himself—“why the devil runs this sorry fellow to acquaint the Carmichaels that I am not leaving Lynsea? I seem to be of some interest to them,” said Roger Warburton; “and, by God! so shall I prove.”

TO BE CONTINUED

THE ST. LOUIS WORLD'S FAIR OF 1903



FREDERICK W. LEHMANN.



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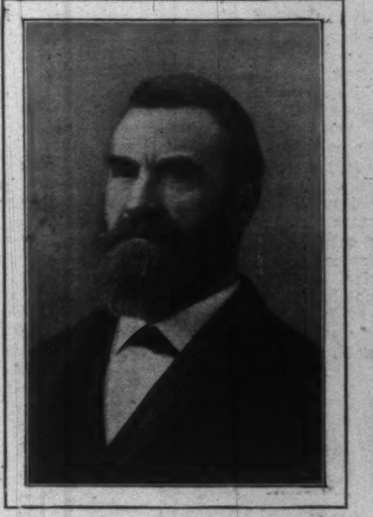
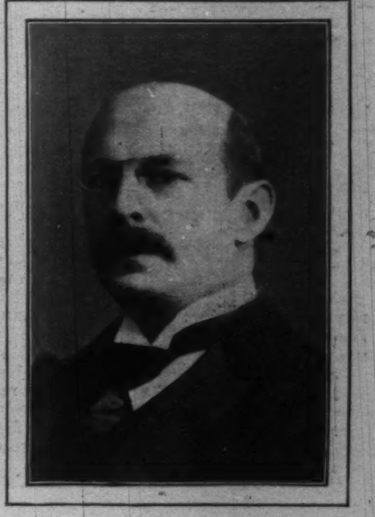


W. H. THOMPSON.



PIERRE CHOUTEAU.

AN international exposition is to be held in St. Louis in 1903 to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the purchase from France of the province of Louisiana, now containing part or all—principally all—of thirteen States and two Territories. The movement to this end centered on its practical phase in January last, when a conference of representatives of the States and Territories in the Louisiana cession met at St. Louis and declared for a world's fair, to be held at St. Louis in 1903. A temporary organization was effected, which has been in charge of the project ever since, and which is to continue in charge until the permanent organization is formed at the completion of the subscription of the $5,000,000 fund now being raised.

Ex-Governor and Ex-Secretary of the Interior David R. Francis was selected as the permanent chairman of the Executive Committee, and William H. Thompson, president of the Bank of Commerce of St. Louis, chairman of the Finance Committee, while Frederick W. Lehmann was put at the head of the Legislative Committee, and James L. Blair at the head of the Committee on Charter and Incorporation.

That the committees have been doing their work with vigor and intelligence is shown by the interest in the project which has been aroused throughout the Mississippi Valley, both by the legislation in its favor which has been obtained in Missouri and by the amount of money raised and in sight.

Missouri's Legislature has enacted a law under which the enterprise will be incorporated as soon as the $5,000,000 fund now being raised is completed. It also has authorized the submission to the people next November of two amendments to the State Constitution—one to give the city of St. Louis power to increase its bonded indebtedness $5,000,000 for the purpose of aiding the fair; the other to let the State of Missouri appropriate, from the debt and interest sinking-fund, $1,000,000 for a State exhibit. In Kansas, Arkansas, and Texas the Legislatures have been memorialized to make appropriations for State exhibits, and in other States in the purchased province there are movements in the same direction. Of the first-mentioned $5,000,000, now in course of contribution by popular subscription in St. Louis, over $4,000,000 has been subscribed, and confidence is felt that a $5,000,000 appropriation to be asked from Congress will be granted. This appropriation is to be made conditional on the raising of $10,000,000 locally. The bill is to be presented to Congress at once, and support for it from all parts of the country is expected.

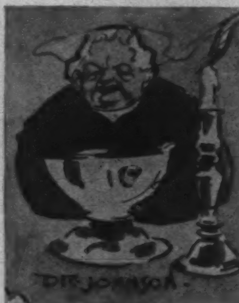
The occurrence which is to be commemorated was neither sectional nor partisan. The Louisiana expansion was the largest event in the history of the United States from the adoption of the Constitution to this day, except the civil war and the emancipation of the slaves. It more than doubled the nation's area. It was the first and greatest accession of territory ever made by the United States. In making this accession of territory, the broad and sane construction of the Constitution had to be adopted which has given that charter the elasticity that has enabled it to meet the demands of a national development of which its framers never could have dreamed.

CHARLES M. HARVEY.

THE DRAMA

BY LAWRENCE REAMER

IF "Oliver Goldsmith" does nothing more for contemporary enjoyment it will have put on the stage a number of literary celebrities of a past century who are familiar by name to a generation that never had the least idea what they looked like. Augustus Thomas has arranged for the audiences at the Fifth Avenue Theatre a kind of eighteenth-century author's reading, which can claim some attention on that ground alone. Through various agencies the literary celebrity is now accessible to the public view. It is possible to become fairly well acquainted with his personal appearance, if he writes books enough, and it is difficult for him to write so little that he will remain entirely unknown.



This satisfying condition did not exist when the characters of Mr. Thomas's play flourished. They were known personally to a very limited circle. If there had been a biograph for them to pose before, and they had been willing to let posterity become acquainted with them in that way, no more real representation of their peculiarities could have been provided. Possibly the scientific accuracy of the electric machine is missing. But the actors and the author have done all in their power to realize these heroes once more.

If Stuart Robson could ever rid himself of his striking personal peculiarities, *Oliver Goldsmith* might have been as interesting as some of the other figures in the play. But Mr. Robson has very rarely been anybody but his inflexible self on the stage. So Oliver will be for all time, to those who learned to know him in the flesh at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, a little man with a very odd squeak in his voice and an affected habit of deliberate speech, which serves its purpose best in seeming completely unmodern and affected. To that extent it exactly suits the spirit of the play. Other actors went beyond that in their fulfilment of the author's intention. Henry Dixey seems to represent all the qualities that must have belonged to David Garrick, and his strong personal charm makes the tragedian really the dominating figure in the comedy.

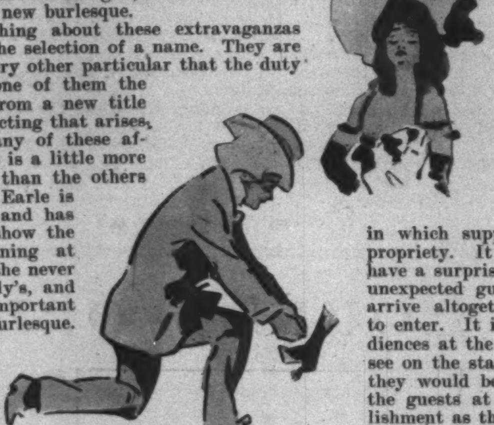
The actor off the stage is a much more interesting figure when a century stands between him and the spectator. Looked at through the wrong end of the opera-glass, as it were, his attractions are increased, while the more aggressive phases of his personality are correspondingly ameliorated. Mr. Dixey is fortunate in representing a famous actor who died more than a hundred years ago. If he had been called upon to embody some of his contemporaries, the result might not have been nearly so gratifying. He did try his hand at *Sir Henry Irving* once, and the distinguished actor was so impressed by the performance that he did not remember to say that he could do it better himself, and thus lost the traditional revenge. But that was a brief episode, whereas *David Garrick* is easily the figure foremost in sympathy and interest that Mr. Thomas's comedy contains.

Dr. Johnson is reproduced in this gathering of literary celebrities with greater fidelity to the historical original than any of his contemporaries. H. A. Weaver seems, to persons familiar with the character of the great lexicographer, the nearest approach to the man that this group contains. As opposed to the general accuracy of Mr. Weaver's performance is the absurd *Edmund Burke* of Walter Hale, who could not possibly have been mistaken for the famous orator at any stage of his career. Mr. Burke's idea of a statesman was evidently one of the militant local kind that is known by his first name to his allies and opponents. The futility of attempting to realize such a figure as Burke by this means is obvious.

It is a question, however, to what extent an audience is interested by the presence of real historic figures in a play. To how many spectators at a New York theatre to-day are Oliver Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, and Edmund Burke figures associated with an interest that comes from a knowledge of their lives and works? Probably very few among the audience take any thought of these people for their own sakes. David Garrick must be a little better known, because several actors, including Nat Goodwin, with an appallingly modern and local idea of him, have appeared here as the hero. Besides, there is a theatre in New York named in his honor. If historical characters are used by the dramatist to add strength or humor to a play, and that purpose is accomplished, audiences doubtless find some additional degree of pleasure in contemplating them, hearing names that are more or less familiar, and enjoying the mild consciousness of a somewhat higher degree of intellectual enjoyment than the average play can afford. But if the drama is in itself without the qualities needed for success, no end of historical accuracy and allusion is going to save it. Literary London of a century ago is not a period that appeals with particular sympathy to the average New York theatre-goer to-day. But Mr. Thomas has used it quaintly and judiciously to impart a certain mild degree of interest to a play that would have been impossible without this quality, even if it is never to acquire any degree of permanent popularity through its aid.

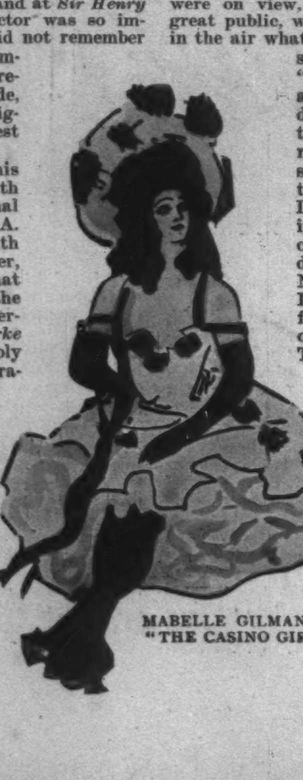
EVIDENTLY nothing remained to be done at the Casino but dramatize one of the main pillars of the theatre. American and British extravaganza, beginning with "The Gaiety Girl," had exhausted every species of girl that could be used for this purpose with any probability of success. So there came to the management the idea of putting on the stage one of the characters that has had most to do with the prosperity of previous performances there. H. B. Smith's "The Casino Girl" was the result of this inspiration. Mr. Smith is too wise a man to attempt to put this interesting creature on the stage as she really is. So he judiciously combined the true and the untrue, and the public impression of the Casino girl, not her real self, is the heroine of the new burlesque.

There can be nothing about these extravaganzas quite so difficult as the selection of a name. They are so nearly alike in every other particular that the duty of giving to every one of them the variety that comes from a new title must be the most exacting that arises, in connection with any of these affairs. The latest one is a little more like its predecessors than the others have been. Virginia Earle is back at the Casino, and has less opportunity to show the results of her training at Daly's Theatre. But she never wore trousers at Daly's, and that is her most important task in the new burlesque. Mabelle Gilman's beauty is still fresh and so is her voice, and Albert Hart seems a comedian quite as tall and nearly as comic as De Wolfe Hopper. Beyond these three features of "The Casino Girl" there is nothing to be said that has not been said of all its predecessors, and that was almost wholly in the way of praise.



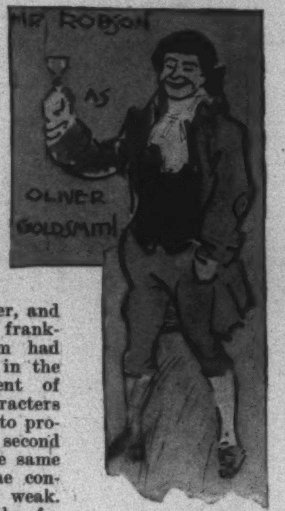
VIRGINIA EARLE AND MABELLE GILMAN IN "THE CASINO GIRL."

TWO plays have recently disappeared so quickly from the scene that it was difficult for even the expert diagnostician to tell, in the short time they were on view, precisely what ailed them. But the great public, with that wonderful faculty of detecting in the air what it wants and what it does not want to see, made up its mind immediately. "The Interrupted Honeymoon," lately at Daly's, was like so many French predecessors dealing with the same theme that the most striking impression one received was an emphatic proof of the superiority in expertness and finish of the French dramatists over any of their London imitators. The wife, who seems indiscreet when she has scarcely stepped out of the decorous way far enough to deserve even that criticism, has come to New York before. But she started in Paris, and the London sojourn was only for the purpose of adaptation in some one of the many senses of that word. The process was usually ameliorative, and the changes necessary to satisfy prudent British and American taste had been made without destroying the original expertness of the French authors. One got from "An Interrupted Honeymoon" the impression that Kinsey Peile, its author, had made up his mind to write an adaptation and not a play. His work was to present the indiscreet matron as she was when the adapter prepared her for the English-speaking public. This was not a promise of piquancy, and lacking the facile powers of the French authors who flavor stale themes with such skill that they seem novel, Mr. Peile's play tarried briefly on the stage of Daly's Theatre.

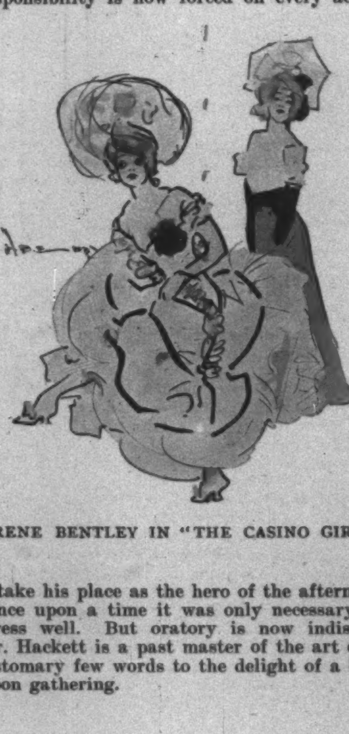


MABELLE GILMAN IN "THE CASINO GIRL."

Mr. Frohman was impartial in dealing with another play of foreign origin. "Twelve Months Later" was but an episode at the Madison Square. It carried further the adventures of the little group of characters that appeared in "At the White Horse Tavern." They were all seen a year later, and it cannot be said with frankness that any of them had grown more interesting in the interval. The experiment of continuing the same characters in a farce is very likely to produce what seems like a second drawing of tea from the same leaves. In this case the concoction was especially weak. Instead of welcoming the familiar characters with new interest, one wondered how in the world they could ever have been entertaining in the first place. But there was a still more potent reason, in all probability, for the failure of "Twelve Months Later" to interest the clientele of the Madison Square Theatre. The White Horse Tavern, as the first play revealed it, may have been a very delightful hotel in the Tyrol. It was apparently charming in many particulars. But it was not in the least the sort of a hotel to which the audiences at the theatre in West Twenty-fourth Street are accustomed. The hotels in which they take pleasure are always situated in Paris. They are provided with discreet private rooms, in which suppers are served with the strictest propriety. It usually happens that these rooms have a surprising number of doors through which unexpected guests enter, and at the times they arrive altogether unwelcome persons are likely to enter. It is such a hotel as this that the audiences at the Madison Square are accustomed to see on the stage. It was not to be expected that they would be much interested in the doings of the guests at such an idyllic and restful establishment as the White Horse Tavern.



WILLIAM FAVERSHAM in uniform was expected to add enough vitality to "Brother Officers" to carry it through the Empire season. But that expedient proved unequal to the task. Matinee audiences with Mr. Hackett in town were not to be brought back to see Mr. Faversham a second time merely because he wore a scarlet tunic instead of a cutaway coat. And Mr. Hackett could be induced to make a speech at every Saturday matinee. That new responsibility is now forced on every actor who would take his place as the hero of the afternoon public. Once upon a time it was only necessary to look and dress well. But oratory is now indispensable, and Mr. Hackett is a past master of the art of saying the customary few words to the delight of a Saturday afternoon gathering.



IRENE BENTLEY IN "THE CASINO GIRL."

THIS BUSY WORLD

BY E. S. MARTIN

THE Atlanta *Constitution* for March 22 had an able leading article (fabricated possibly by the biographer of Uncle Remus) on Savannah hospitality and Artillery punch. Nothing is too gracious for the *Constitution* to say about the quality of entertainment which Savannah affords to distinguished visitors, but it is mysterious in the tribute it pays to Artillery punch. It will be recalled that it was to that beverage that credit was given for Admiral Dewey's indisposition during his recent visit to Savannah. Everybody knows that punch of any sort, at least of any standing, is a beverage to be used warily. Every good punch is influential in an inverse ratio to its preliminary bite. Every good punch is insidious, and therein lies its merit, for all tamperings with it involve hazards and the exercise of judgment. It was the sporting quality in punch which led to its use being prohibited at Harvard commencements, where, until a few years ago, it was offered at class reunions. It was found that the judgment even of grave alumni was not always equal to occasions in which it figured. The Savannah Artillery punch seems to possess in an exceptionally high degree the qualities which make all good punches hazardous. The *Constitution* speaks of it with admiring awe, as something that cannot be assembled outside of Savannah; a gentle beverage full of wiles, treacheries, and fleeting reassurances, which makes the sojourning partaker very ill and puts him to sleep, but still has recondite properties which in their ultimate effect (apparent when he wakes) make him gratefully appreciative of the hospitality of his entertainers.

There is a deal of mystery about it all. A punch that stealthily incapacitates and still in the end promotes kindliness would seem to be a good weapon for use by the British in South Africa. The most inexplicable thing of all about it is how the natives of Savannah can consume with apparent impunity a drink that is so prompt to reach the more vulnerable surfaces of a visitor.

* * *

CONSUL RIDGELEY of Geneva, Switzerland, reports to the State Department that a San Francisco man, Mr. Henry Butters, is revolutionizing the local transit system of the city and canton of Geneva, and expects very soon to supersede all its existing street car lines by overhead and underground trolley lines on the American system. Mr. Butters, who has had to do with street railway construction in Cape Town and the City of Mexico, happened to visit Geneva in 1898, and determined that its street-railway system needed to be modernized. He formed a company of local capitalists, bought control of 45 miles of road and got options on 16 miles more, and secured rights to build new lines. He has laid 10 miles of track, and one of his lines will be in operation by June 1. If all his plans are carried out it will give his company 95 miles of electric roads at a cost of about three million dollars, serving a resident population of about 120,000. Up to ten years ago street railroads were usually local enterprises planned and owned by residents of the towns they served. That condition has pretty much passed, and we are used to the change. Nevertheless, for a man from San Francisco to be reorganizing the railway system of Geneva is a proceeding so very modern as to leave one rather dazed. The spheres of influence of street-railway innovators and combiners of gas companies are limited nowadays only by the price of franchises. Geography has nothing to do with it.

* * *

EVEN in our own land remarkable results of American enterprise can be seen by persons who know where to look. The editor of the *Philistine* has been on his travels, and reports that in Omaha there is a railroad station which suits him. He speaks of it as the best specimen of Greek architecture in America; attributes its design to one Thomas Kimball, and says its management is worthy of its form. He saw a stewardess there take charge of a tired woman with a hungry baby in a fashion that was entirely new to him, notwithstanding he lives in New York State, in the closest intellectual sympathy with the passenger department of the New York Central Railroad. Since he calls this delectable edifice in Omaha the Burlington station, it is presumably the property of the railroad called the C., B., & Q. Inasmuch as that road was built by enlightened Boston people, and has been used by them for many years as a means of doing good in the West, and incidentally earning dividends, the presumption is that Boston built the Greek temple-station which the *Philistine* saw, and probably trained and forwarded the stewardess who took charge of the tired woman. The C., B., & Q. is renowned for its kindness to its patrons. Boston, which still contributes its governing impulses, is capable of remarkable achievements in the inspiration of brotherly behavior. Four months ago a man from New York missed his connection in the Boston subway. A subway official gently rebuked him, set him right, went 50 yards to get him a proper transfer ticket, and put him in the car he belonged in. That helps one to believe the story of the stewardess at Omaha. But if Boston built that Burlington station, she did better for Omaha than she has done for herself, though her southern terminal won't be quite so bad when the moving platforms for transportation of travellers have been put into the vast main reception-room. Any one who has not seen the waiting-room in that station, with alcoves named after the various southern and western counties of Massachusetts, has something to look forward to. The purpose of these alcoves is to keep separate the folks from the outlying districts, so that the dialects of the Cape-Codders from Barnstable and Plymouth and the islanders of Dukes and Nantucket may not corrupt the purer speech of persons from Worcester, Springfield, and the Berkshire Hills.

A successful railroad station is one of civilization's greatest and scarcest triumphs. Travellers used to report that there was a handsome station at Pittsburg (or is it a City Hall?), but how comfortable or how well run is not recalled. It may since have disappeared in soot. There is one at Bombay, which the British-Indians are proud of. There is a new one building at Albany which looks promising. A loan collection of American railroad stations would make an exceedingly instructive exhibit at a world's fair. Would that we could ship such a collection to Paris and have it lost at sea! The Burlington station at Omaha, and few more, we would keep at home. The Forty-second Street station in New York promises to be one we shall want to keep. It will never be gloriously handsome, but it is handsomer than it was, and there is a prospect that when it is finished inside it will be compact and convenient.

* * *

INSPIRED by the restrictive enterprise of New York in putting the dramatized version of *Sapho* under the ban, the Boston Police Board after several weeks of rumination have sent word around to the Boston booksellers that they must not sell the book. It is the weak point of the censor that he is apt to overdo his job, and it seems likely that in this matter of *Sapho* he will disclose that defect. *Sapho* in proper hands is a useful moral treatise which sets forth with great power the infernal mischievousness of those irregular ties between men and women which shackle while they do not bind, and which, while lamentably unsatisfactory in themselves, hinder their victims from marriage. *Sapho* is the story of a man who digged a pit, and falling into it, found it too deep to get out of. It is by no means a bad book for all readers, even in the English translation, though it is true enough that its distribution in cheap form by the hundred thousand is probably not particularly helpful to public morals. It is matter for regret that the circulation of a book of so much merit, literary and otherwise, should have so far outstripped reasonable bounds as to worry the police. It is hardly fit for indiscriminate circulation, and yet it is a fair question whether suppressing it is not a worse evil than letting it run its course. Some one has introduced a bill in Congress to keep it out of the mails, which seems a much more particular attention than such a book deserves.

* * *

MR. WEBSTER DAVIS, late Assistant Secretary of the Interior, who went to South Africa to make personal investigation of the Transvaal war, has resigned his office, and proposes to devote himself to arousing American sympathy with the Boers. That may be a good work; at all events it is one in the prosecution of which Mr. Davis will find sympathizers; but it seems as if he would be in a better position to undertake it if he had resigned his office before going to South Africa. Observers have wondered what the Assistant Secretary of the Interior was doing in the Transvaal, and why he did not stay at home and do his work. The explanation seems to be that Mr. Davis could not work harmoniously with Secretary Hitchcock and Mr. Evans, the Commissioner of Pensions. He comes from Missouri, and has been Mayor of Kansas City. It is averred that his strong feeling for the Boers is stimulated by the opinion that the Boer cause is an advantageous one for an aspiring politician to advocate before the public, but however that may be, there is no reason to doubt that his Boer predilections are genuine, and that what he saw in South Africa stirred his spirit very much. If Mr. Davis has something to say it is as well that he should say it. We hear a good deal more on the British side of the South-African question than on the other. It is noticeable that Americans who are with the British think, feel, and write on the British side, while the Americans who are with the Boers side with the Boers. Mr. Julian Ralph, who is the correspondent of a London paper, is as ardently pro-Briton as any of the Queen's subjects.

* * *

THE Automobile Club of America, an association of gentlemen with large ideas and corresponding means, had its first dinner the other night in New York, and improved the occasion by broaching a scheme for two great national highways which shall be suitable for automobiles to traverse. One is to run from St. Augustine, Florida, to Portland, Maine; the other from New York to San Francisco, by way of Buffalo, Cleveland, Chicago, Omaha, and Denver. The resolutions calling for these roads were commended by General Miles, ex-Mayor Strong, Colonel Pope of Hartford, and others, and being seconded by Colonel J. J. Astor, were unanimously adopted. They divide the cost of the proposed roads equally between the Federal government, the States which the roads cross, and the townships they run through. The undertaking is a pretty big one, but it would be a rash prophet who would deny the possibility of its accomplishment. What the automobile may develop into, and how greatly these machines may multiply in number and increase in efficiency, is something that can only be guessed at. The idea of good roads is universally popular, the hitch about it being the willingness of most advocates of improved roads to have some one else pay for their construction. This much it is safe enough to predict, that if business continues to be good, and automobiles continue to improve and multiply, there will be better roads to run them on than there are at present. The question of good roads is a question of demand. There is no trouble about having them wherever the demand is urgent enough to make them pay.

* * *

IT is possible that the interests of the Cuban Orphans' Fair, which is to be held at the Metropolitan Opera House, in New York, beginning April 16, has been prejudiced to some extent by a letter published on March 27 in the New York *Times*. The writer quoted a letter from the War Department to the effect that General Wood reported Cuba as not in need of private charity, and his comment as to the fair was that "while Chaplain Pierce is struggling to raise a large sum for needed work in the Philippines, it must be a sore trial to him to find so much effort being made for a work of supererogation."

The work that has been done for the Cuban orphans has several times been brought to the notice of the readers of the WEEKLY, and it is probably familiar to most of them. It has been a good work, exceedingly timely and valuable. It has been expected from the start that Cuba's own revenues would eventually provide for it. So they should. So they will. Meanwhile, for a little longer the schools and orphanages depend for support on private help. General Wood, writing under date of March 14 to General F. V. Greene, asked to have the Cuban Orphan Society's institutions, already started, maintained for some time to come, until a proper tax system can be established. General Ludlow, in a letter written in January to General Greene, thought it would be necessary for the society to keep its institutions going throughout the present year. Superintendent Frye of the Cuban school system, in a letter dated March 14, speaks of the society's work in Cuba as "a revelation of the possibilities of raising a disheartened people," and adds: "I do not know what financial means your society has at hand, but, if possible, I hope that the management and control of your little homes in Cuba may not be changed." The work has been admirable and is still necessary, and the funds the fair may afford are clearly needed to carry it along until the new government in Cuba is ready to go on with it. Chaplain Pierce's work in the Philippines is doubtless worthy, and if it is, here's hoping he will raise the money for it; but his advocate has been ill advised in speaking of the work for the Cuban orphans as a work of supererogation. It cannot be dropped half done, and its funds must not fail until funds are supplied from another source.

* * *

MR. HONIG'S story of Lieutenant-Commander Gillmore's captivity and rescue, as published in the WEEKLY of March 31, represents the chief actor as telling his own tale. Mr. Gillmore finds in the account statements set forth as coming from him which he is not willing to indorse. "There is some mistake," he writes, "for I certainly never mentioned the words in regard to David Brown, or the rest about our capture. I did mention about our rescue, which I believe is beyond compare, the party under Colonel Hare deserving great credit. The rest of the story must have been given to Mr. Honig by some of my men aboard the ship, and, while in the main correct, was not an interview given by me."

* * *

REPORT says that a Harvard student has been sentenced to five days in jail for "ragging" signs. To "rag" a sign is to take it down and carry it home to decorate one's room with. Only Freshmen do it, and they do it only because they know no better. It is not wicked, but merely ignorant. It seems a pity to send a lad to jail for an error of judgment, but no doubt it is a considerable annoyance for persons doing business near colleges to have their signs abstracted, and if there is no effectual means of preventing it except to lock up the abstractor, it may be for the promotion of the greatest happiness of the greatest number that a Freshman, now and then, should go to jail. It ought not to prejudice his standing or be taken as a reflection upon his moral character, nor should absences from lectures consequent on the restriction of his liberties be laid up against him. Foolishness in Freshmen is appropriate, and when one is caught in some immediable expression of it, it should be understood that if he is punished it is for the sins of his class, rather than for his personal misdeeds.

* * *

ARCHIBALD FORBES, who died on March 29, was in the day of his activities the most famous of war correspondents. All the adventurous exploits that a war correspondent can perform he did, and reaped the fruits of them. He was born in 1838, studied at the University of Aberdeen, served with the Royal Dragoons, and went through the Franco-Prussian war with the German army as correspondent of the London *News*. He saw the reign of the Commune in Paris, saw India in the famine times of 1874, saw various domestic wars in Spain, went to India with Prince of Wales in 1875-6, and spent the two following years in supervising campaigns in Servia and in the Russo-Turkish war. He went to Cyprus in 1878, and with that his field work as a correspondent ended; but in the succeeding years he lectured at home, in this country, and in Australia, and wrote several books. For years past his health has been impaired. His wife was an American woman, the daughter of General M. C. Meigs.

TRANSATLANTIC TOPICS

BY SYDNEY BROOKS

LORD SALISBURY, as he always likes to do, has kept very much in the background during this Boer war, preferring—to adopt his own delightful excuse after a particularly barren session—"to shelter himself behind the abundant performances of his distinguished colleagues." His only public speech of late was not an altogether happy one, but quite characteristic. Parliament, it will be remembered, met when the fortunes of war had turned heavily against the British. The people, somewhat stunned by three reverses in one week and disgusted by the blunderings of the War Office, yet displaying a remarkable coolness and self-control, were anxious above all things for some sign that the government realized its shortcomings and intended doing better in the future. They looked to Lord Salisbury especially for a quiet, confident word. It was that moment which the Premier chose for a delicious homily on the defects of the British Constitution as "a fighting-machine," and the inadequacies of the secret-service fund. Not another syllable of comfort could be got out of him. The people asked for bread and he gave them, or rather threw at them, a most uncompromising bit of rock. The general public turned hastily elsewhere for what it wanted, but the elect few shook their heads with a smile and muttered, "Just like Salisbury. One more added to his list of blazing indiscretions!" And so passed on to the serious business of the day.

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IT has always been a puzzle to make up one's mind whether Lord Salisbury should have been an Elizabethan or a modern Russian. Obviously nineteenth-century England has no claim to him. Democracy which, if one is a minister, means explaining things to a lot of people who are quite unable to profit by the explanation, is his particular nightmare. Somebody once said of Mr. Gladstone, "Ah, Oxford on the surface, *but* Liverpool below." The Marquis of Salisbury is Oxford above, below, and all through. As it shows itself to the world, the essence of his character is the twofold pride which Oxford most inculcates—the pride of birth and the pride of brain. He leads a lonely, self-sufficing life, apart from society, apart from his colleagues. The duties of the Foreign Office rarely bring him to the front of the stage. Domestic politics do not seem to interest him, though occasionally he startles England by some vicious gibe at the working classes. "Parish councils!" he exclaimed when that particular measure of Mr. Gladstone's programme came to his hearing. "Much better give them a travelling circus!" Platform oratory is his abomination. His position forces him to yield now and then to the demand for speeches, and he goes through with his part vigorously and always ably, but his heart most plainly is not in his work. To be let alone is his main desire. What people may say or think of him is a matter of complete, sarcastic indifference. He goes his own way unmindful, as he did during the Chinese crisis, and waits for time to prove him right. The figure of a statesman with his ear to the ground is just the figure that would most misrepresent Lord Salisbury.

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IT is curious to find how few people in England know anything or care to know anything about their Prime Minister. His habits of reserve and seclusion seem to have killed popular interest in his personality. Making no parade of himself or his private life, he gives no opening to the inquisitiveness of the "incorrigible mob." With the masses he is neither popular nor unpopular. They do not resent his cynicism even when it is at their own expense, because the British populace rather likes to be kicked. He does not get a cheering crowd running after his brougham, but then neither does he get mobbed. Mr. Gladstone was perpetually the mark of passionate admiration or passionate dislike. You could not be neutral on the subject of Gladstone. But passion of any kind never entered into any one's estimate of Lord Salisbury. It is so obvious that he does not care what is thought of him that nobody takes the trouble to get angry. The stiffest Radical will applaud his foreign policy and think him nothing worse than an indispensable joke in domestic affairs. When they have called him "a feudal baron," or "a capital fossil," their ferocity is exhausted. And this is not due to any corresponding bashfulness on Lord Salisbury's part. He takes a most human pleasure in invective, "not being," to quote Disraeli's criticism of twenty-five years ago, "a man who measures his phrases." His tongue can still on occasion be as vitriolic as in the days when he compared Mr. Gladstone's policy with that of a pettifogging attorney, and apologized in the House next day most handsomely—to the attorneys.

❧

WHAT gives Lord Salisbury his hold over the Conservative party and the country, apart from his conduct of foreign affairs, is his instinctive and unfaltering Toryism. In all his speeches you find (what you do not find in Mr. Gladstone's speeches) the presence of a fundamental motive, a settled and rational consistency. The student who searches Mr. Gladstone's orations for the mainspring of Liberal policy will assuredly be disappointed; for Mr. Gladstone's mind was without any coherent political creed; his enthusiasm was all for projects, not for principles. But from Lord Salisbury's speeches one could easily compile a luminous and authoritative Conservative text-book, and it is just this cohesion of thought and policy that makes him the greatest Conservative since Burke. Toryism is not with him a passive belief, a mere decoration to the marquisate. He has an intellectual passion for it; he has rigorously convinced himself of its efficacy. He stands up before the people a splendid embodiment of the hereditary ideal, and it is as such that he mainly impresses England and Europe. One thinks of him rather as a force than a personality, as a something in the background, very calm and sagacious and experienced and quite beyond the reach of the public clamor he so heartily despises. England has got into the habit of reparing to him as to an oracle, and if the utterances seem occasionally disappointing and inappropriate for the moment, they usually manage to justify themselves in the long-run.

❧

A VERY interesting and suggestive letter comes to me from "An American Student in Germany" apropos of a paragraph in this department commenting on the new German navy bill and its possible connection with German expansion in South America. The writer is of opinion that the new fleet is not primarily intended for use against England. "England is too powerful and will always have too strong a fleet for Germany to attack, for the Germans never will enter a fight that is against them. The idea that the fleet is built for this object is only a bluff given to gain Anglophobiac votes in the Reichstag for the marine propaganda." There is probably more truth in this than the average German voter himself would recognize. Whatever may be the secret official ambitions to which the increase of sea power is to minister, it is chiefly the prevailing Anglophobia that reconciles the ordinary citizen to its expense. "In reality the fleet is to prevent a second occurrence of the 'disgrace of Manila.' When the German fleet is strong enough the Kaiser intends to absorb Brazil, Chile, etc.—already largely colonized by Germans. If we intend to preserve republican institutions in the Western Hemisphere and to keep the Monroe doctrine in force, we must be prepared to say 'No,' with a big N, and we must be careful that the 'mailed fist' falls on a 'mailed shield.' Germany is preparing to grab as much of Asia, South America, and, in fact, of the world as she can, without hurting her industry by a long war. And what is most important, she is preparing for the task in the same patient, persevering, scientific way as forty years ago she prepared for the French war. This should be so impressed upon Americans that our fleet may be in readiness."

❧

WITHOUT endorsing everything that "An American Student" says, one may subscribe to the general proposition that if ever there is serious trouble between the United States and Germany it will be over South America. Germany is now exporting to South America goods to the value of nearly $40,000,000 a year. About 70 per cent. of this respectable total comes from the trade with Brazil, Argentina, Chile, and Mexico; and in these four republics the number of German colonists—the exact figures are hard to get at—seems to be somewhere between fifty and sixty thousand. This, it is true, is not a very large percentage even of the foreign settlers in these countries, and of course it does not begin to compare with the native population. But whereas the Italians (for instance), who have flocked to South America in enormous numbers of late years, are mostly laborers and artisans, with little influence either in the country they have left or in the country they have adopted, the German colonists are drawn from the higher merchant and trading classes, keep well in touch with the fatherland, and form a prosperous, influential, and clannish community. If the Germans have not done as much as the English to exploit South America it is simply because they came there later. Since their arrival they have managed, as they always do, to get ahead of their rivals, and now own a very considerable share of the mining, railroad, and banking concessions, while more than one South-American loan has been successfully floated in Berlin. In short, Germany has a valuable and growing stake in the future of South America.

❧

IT is not difficult to imagine circumstances in which the Kaiser might reasonably think that German interests were sufficiently endangered to warrant some such intervention as wrested Kiao-chau from China. South America is the land of revolutions, and the property of citizens of a country that is bent on expansion has an awkward knack of getting damaged and needing protection whenever there is the smallest disorder. The behavior of the German fleet in the bay of Manila—where German interests are of the smallest and German commercial houses can be counted on the fingers of one hand—showed to what lengths the Kaiser is ready to go in the defence of the least fraction of his rights. Put on one side Germany's undoubted stake in the South-American republics, the Kaiser's eagerness to acquire territory, and the sporadic unrest that might readily justify such acquisition; and on the other side the Monroe doctrine and America's inflexible determination not to allow any European power to colonize South America—and one has a situation which, if not visibly dangerous, possesses some fairly obvious elements of anxiety.

THE Boer war for the moment has narrowed itself down to the discussion of two questions—the safety of Johannesburg and the treatment of the Dutch rebels in Cape Colony. The statement which came from America, that the Boers would certainly destroy the mines and make of Johannesburg another Moscow as a matter of "military prudence," has had a very different effect from the one desired. It was, of course, intended to rouse European investors in the Rand to the necessity of speedy intervention. There is not, of course, any military reason for the destruction of several million dollars' worth of underground machinery. The mines can give no manner of aid or comfort to the British soldiers, and to wreck them, so far as they are capable of being wrecked at all, would be simply a plain act of wanton pillage, for which the British government would be entirely justified in holding the members of the Transvaal executive personally responsible. The threat has completely disillusionized the world as to the real qualities that go to make up the Boer character; and the French and German shareholders who a few months ago were cursing "British greed" and laughing over the mistakes of British officers, are now only too anxious to see those officers quartered in Johannesburg with all possible despatch.

❧

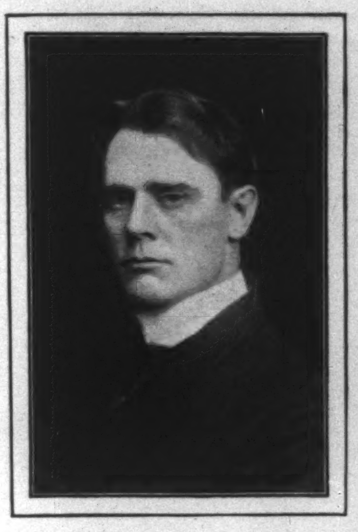
AS for the other point—the treatment to be meted out to the Dutch rebels—there are two conflicting opinions. One is the opinion of British South Africa, as set forth by Mr. Rudyard Kipling in the remarkable article that appeared in the WEEKLY a few weeks ago—that England should order a general round-up of the leading rebels, and, if convicted, hang them; the other is the opinion of England herself—that treason among the Dutch colonists has been of far smaller extent and efficacy than might reasonably have been expected, and that while rebels caught with rifles in their hands should be perpetually disfranchised and suffer a small fine or a short term of imprisonment, there should be no vindictive ferreting out of back-stairs sedition, no looking around for men to punish, and that clemency and not persecution is the only road to follow if the two races are to live peaceably side by side in the future. By putting an end to the independence of the two republics and at the same time treating the rebel colonists leniently, Great Britain should be able to satisfy the moderates of both parties and remove all chance of further trouble hereafter.

❧

READERS of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's novel *The Light that Failed* will remember with pleasure the war correspondent who used to solace himself for lack of employment by reflecting that there was "bound to be trouble in the Balkans next spring." Warned by his many disappointments, one would not like to say that there is bound to be trouble in the Balkans this spring. But it is fairly obvious that events are pointing that way. Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria seems to have made up his mind that the time is coming when he can safely cut loose from his vassalage to Turkey, assume the royal title, and take on the position of an independent sovereign. It is said, and very probably with truth, that the royal honors recently paid to his neighbor, King Alexander of Servia, during his visit to Vienna, have made Prince Ferdinand especially sensitive on the point of precedence. All princes must necessarily be so, and Ferdinand is only following an irresistible tendency in wishing to see his royal status confirmed. If he is able to carry out his desires, the power of Russia over Turkey will be enormously added to. Bulgaria must either be a vassal state to Turkey or an independent state dominated by Russia. Prince Ferdinand apparently prefers the latter prospect, and the Czar's government has every reason for making it as attractive to him as possible. The Prince has shown strong Russophil leanings of late, has cashiered scores of older officers to make way for subordinates trained in Russian schools, has had his army inspected by a member of the Russian General Staff, has granted Russia special privileges in the port of Burghas, and, as last Friday's cablegrams announced, is now seeking and will probably get a large Russian loan.

❧

TAKEN together with rumors of the movements of Russian troops on the Turkish frontiers, and of Russian demands for the control of all railroad concessions in the northeast of Asia Minor, this is significant news. With Bulgaria working in union with Russia, the Balkans practically disappear as an obstacle to the descent on Constantinople. The only two powers at all likely to fight against Russian occupation of that city are Austria and England. Austria is understood to have made an arrangement by which Salonica will fall into her lap as the price of neutrality; and England, for the first time in her history, is indifferent to what may become of Turkey. Lord Salisbury has publicly confessed that in bolstering up the Ottoman Empire, and so provoking the Crimean war, England "put her money on the wrong horse." She has outlived her illusions as to the possible regeneration of the Turk, and now views the destiny that is compassing him round with philosophic calm, realizing that Constantinople and the Black Sea are Russia's inevitable possessions, and that England has no real interest in wishing it otherwise.



Senator Beveridge

REPUBLICAN LEADER OF THE SENATE

ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE is the recognized spokesman of the McKinley administration in the United States Senate on the question that agitates the nation, and upon which will depend the future policy of our government. He is the champion of Expansion and the leader of the majority. This is a unique and remarkable position to be held by a man thirty-six years of age, but Beveridge is a man of unusual endowments. He is a "self-made" American, essentially earnest and painstaking, and his acts bear the stamp of conviction. He is a seeker after truth, and an advocate of justice and progress. Eloquent, convincing, and logical in his presentation of a cause, whatever he strives to set forth carries the weight of legal accuracy, thorough knowledge of his subject, and honest conviction. Added to these qualities of mind Beveridge is an impressive speaker.

It requires ability out of the ordinary to arouse the traditional conservatism of the United States Senate. Periods of rhetoric, conquests of oratory, and flights of metaphor are received by that august body with silent indulgence. The ragings of a pettifogger or the denunciations of a jingo will empty the house. Beveridge, the youngest member, has ignored precedent, and given to the Senate and to the public the testimony of his experience and study, and in direct, authoritative language placed the whole Philippine question before the country. His speech in the Senate commanded the close attention of expansionist and "Anti," and presented testimony, precedent, fact, and argument that have set the country thinking, and placed the opponents of the policy on the defensive.

Shortly after the outbreak with the Filipinos occurred Beveridge started for Manila. He donned a campaign suit, buckled on a revolver, and went to the firing-line. He talked with the native prisoner, hobnobbed with the American soldier, listened to the Filipino in Manila, travelled to the southern islands, took testimony, heard all sides, studied native character, investigated conditions, and placed himself in communication with the Filipino of all classes. He worked incessantly to give himself a thorough knowledge of the needs and conditions of the race. He kept his counsel, studied the history of the archipelago, visited the Malay States, investigated colonial government in China, listened to the opinions of experienced men in Asia, and returned to America well grounded and well primed with his subject. The result of these months of study he delivered January 9, in the United States Senate. Beveridge made his opposition mad. They hurled epithets at him, called him the silver-tongued orator, and likened his case to the parable of Satan leading the Saviour into a high mount and tempting Him, but his speech has not been answered, and his leadership is acknowledged. Beveridge's speech was a feat that made evident his remarkable ability and training, and gave his friends and detractors in the Senate to understand why he was sent there at the tender age of thirty-six.

Beveridge's career has been one of hard application and indomitable pluck. While a boy his time was given up to two purposes: study that he might learn; work that he might study. Out of the farm and the logging-camp he wrung the necessary funds, and from the school and college he absorbed the knowledge of history, men, and the times that fed the fires of his ambition. He won the cash prizes in college, and led the successful factions in debate. After his graduation he secured the first employment that offered him returns, and became a ranchman in the West. With the savings of his industry he returned to Indianapolis and studied law. He had chosen well, for in a few years his name became known as one of the most successful lawyers in Indianapolis. Great business corporations sought his services, and some of the largest cases in the State were brought by him to a successful outcome. Constitutional law became his specialty, and his great success at the bar brought him into such prominence that his name became associated with the then coming Senatorial contest. Against some of the oldest and most powerful combinations of State politics Beveridge won. His friends were legion, and he swept both Houses, his rival candidates withdrawing and giving him a unanimous election at the last moment.

Expansion is no new religion with Beveridge. In his Indiana campaigns he long ago maintained his belief that the Anglo-Saxon race owed a duty to the unfruitful lands and the half-civilized countries of the world. He earnestly believes in the white man's burden, and has thus early put his strong shoulders, keen mind, and eloquent voice to the task. "And we will move forward to our work, not howling out regrets like slaves whipped to their burdens," Beveridge says in his Philippine speech, "but with the gratitude for a task waiting of our strength, and a thanksgiving to Almighty God that He has marked us as His chosen people, henceforth to lead in the regeneration of the world." Indiana has contributed Presidential timber of the first quality. She may yet be called upon to furnish still another candidate before many years roll around.

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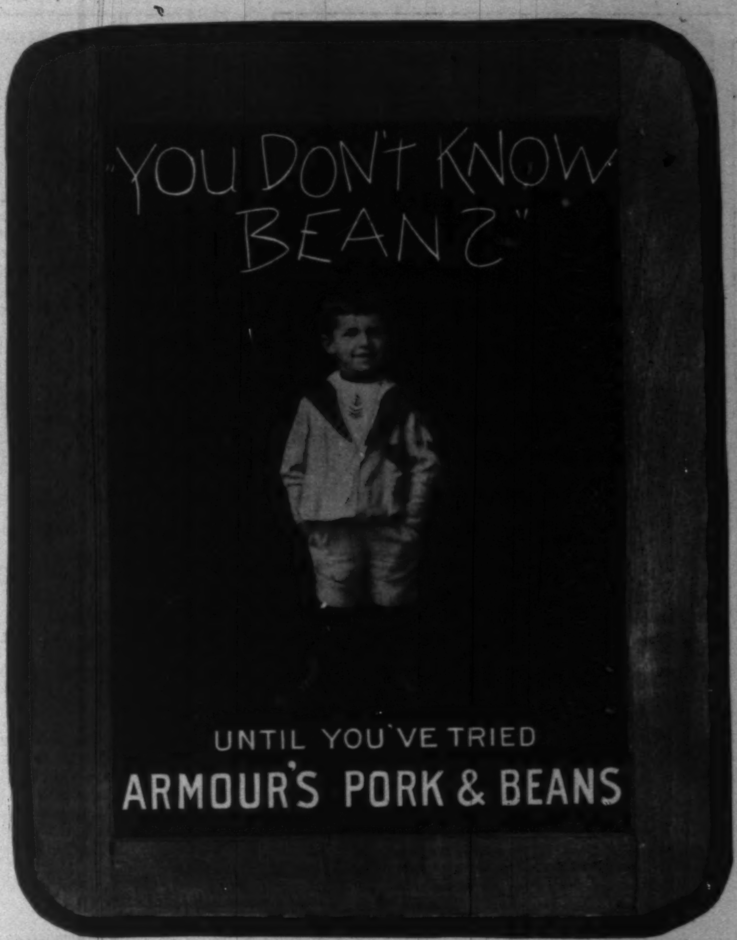

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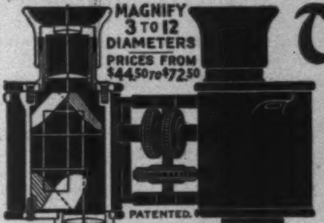

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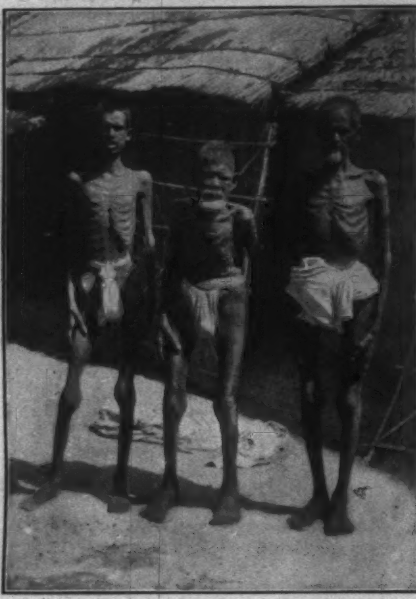
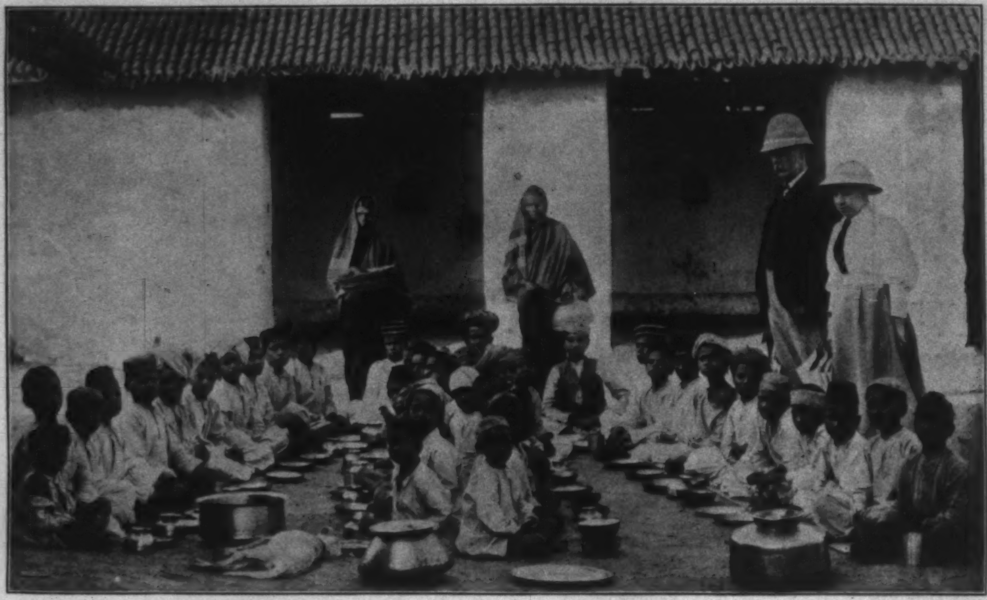


FAMINE-STRICKEN PEOPLE AT THE POORHOUSE, FAIZABAD.



FAMINE CHILDREN AT DINNER IN MRS HAIG'S KITCHEN, AHMEDNAGAR, BOMBAY.

The Famine in India

According to the report of the Colonial Office, read a short time ago in the British Parliament, sixty million human beings are affected by the present famine in India. Of this number it is estimated that one-third will die. Already five millions are being fed by the government and by organized charity, but, despite all that is being done, the suffering is frightful. This is the second famine in three years, and in consequence India is in a terrible plight. The famine of 1877 killed some ten million beings; that of 1897, about sixteen millions; whilst the present one will probably break the record with twenty millions.

The main cause of the famine is the total failure of the crops in the western and central provinces. In 1897 the crops in the eastern districts failed. The indirect cause is the refusal of the native princes to turn their immense hunting-jungles into granaries—for three crops a year could be raised on them were they cultivated. So, to ease their respective consciences, the princes are subscribing more or less liberally to the famine funds, while their grain merchants are trebling and quadrupling the price of foodstuffs, which they have in store.

The affected area is about 350,000 square miles. Lahore, the Bombay Presidency, Agra, Ahmednagar, Sholapur, Gujerat, Deccan, Berar, Miraj, Aligarh, Khedgoan, Julundur, Rajputana, Kishangarh, Khandwa, Kattiwar, Ahmedabad, Jhansi, Wadale, Satara, Rahuri—are all crying for food.

In 1897 America responded liberally to the appeal of the starving. This year America is again coming to the fore. Kansas is raising one million bushels of wheat to send to Bombay; the *Christian Herald*, which had charge of the relief fund in 1897 and has charge of the present one, has already sent thirty thousand dollars and a steamer of grain.

Japan's Failure in Formosa

BY WILLIAM N. BREWSTER

It is not strange that Western peoples should fail to understand the people of the Far East. Indeed, it often surprises us out here in China to find how much accurate information about this far-away continent is contained in our home papers, especially for the past year. But there is one line of misconception of affairs Oriental that seems to be practically universal. It is the over-estimating of Japan.

Since Japan's easy victory over China, it seems to have been taken for granted by every one in America that this youngest member of the family of nations is to be accepted at her own estimate of herself; and the Japanese have never been accused of excessive humility even by those who least understand them. It has been assumed by many that they are capable of exercising that most difficult of all functions of government, the colonization of a large territory already occupied by a numerous and high-spirited people. This is what Japan has been attempting in the large and beautiful, as well as valuable, island of Formosa ever since she gained legal possession of it from China five years ago. Formosa lies off the coast of China, opposite the southern half of the province of Fuhkien. It is in about the same latitude as Cuba, and rivals the Pearl of the Antilles in fertility of soil, beauty of scenery, and wealth of undeveloped resources, both agricultural and mineral. It is a prize well worth a lavish expenditure of blood and treasure to any enterprising nation, and to overcrowded Japan situated most favorably to govern it and profit by its resources, it is of incalculable value. Japan's walk-over in the late war naturally gave the world the impression that it would be an easy task for the triumphant nation to establish its authority over little Formosa, with its less than two million Chinese. Indeed, it has been so generally assumed that Japan would succeed that the struggle that has been going on there has apparently attracted no attention in America. But this indifference cannot long continue. It is of comparatively little moment to the world in general what becomes of the people and island of Formosa; but when Japan openly claims a great province of China on the mainland as its "sphere of influence," and presumes to say to all nations, "Hands off! In case China is partitioned I propose to take possession of the Fuhkien Province, with its twenty million Chinese, and govern it partly in the interests of civilization and humanity, but chiefly for my own profit," then it becomes a matter of no small importance to the world in general, and to America in particular, to know how this presumptuous young nation has been succeeding with the similar but comparatively easy task of governing Formosa, with less than one-tenth of the population, a people largely identical in race, language, and spirit. The Chinese of Formosa came chiefly from the Amoy region of this province. With the exception of the wild aborigines in the mountains, who have never been governed even by the Chinese, the population of the island is nearly all Fuhkien Chinese.

That the Japanese have designs upon Fuhkien is no longer even an open secret. It is no secret at all. Japanese exploring parties are often met; the Japanese flag is flying on Chinese junks by the score; there is a large Japanese concession of land and a settlement at Foochow, and one at Amoy; a Japanese railroad is to be built; Japanese Buddhist churches, avowedly for political purposes, are being organized all along the coast. The meaning of all this, and much more in the same line, is so plain that he who runs may read. American interests here are very great and may be developed indefinitely. This province is close to the Philippines. Let the reader take a map and study the relation of Fuhkien Province to the Philippines and Formosa, and then it will be no longer necessary to emphasize the importance of this question from the American stand-point.

But have not the Japanese succeeded in establishing a stable government in Formosa during these five years? A recent interview with Dr. W. Wykeham Myers, for twenty years a resident of Tamsui, the capital of Formosa, and for the past five years holding the post of adviser to the Japanese government there, published in the *North China Herald*, of Shanghai, is a perfectly reliable source of information as to the present situation, from one whose prejudices, if he has any, must necessarily be in favor of the Japanese, in whose employ he still continues. The interviewer says: "I was anxious to get some clear idea of how, under present conditions, the island is divided up, and Dr. Myers was good enough to draw me a diagram which showed roughly but clearly the state of affairs. The chain fringing the eastern side of the island is, so to speak, the background to the present political trouble. Running westward from these to the coast-line is the plain land, in which, as one nears the coast, are to be found the big towns. At present the land immediately at the base of these hills is divided up into territories which have been granted to various banditti chiefs on terms of absolute independence." After telling of the revolts of the populace and the changes of administration and policy, each change seeming to make matters worse, Dr. Myers is quoted as saying: "They [the Japanese rulers] conferred with the robber chiefs under the most humiliating conditions, and finally ceded large tracts of Formosan territory to these men. Notable among the chiefs is Lim Siau-Nian, who holds the southernmost tract of land, running from the hills clear to the coast-line. Koa Thih-haw, another robber chief, holds a large tract of land farther north, while between these and to the north of them are a number of smaller grants."

Upon being asked, "How much of For-

THE MUELLA, MANILA.
PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLIAM DINWIDDIE.

This picture shows the activity on the docks along the Pasig River in front of the Custom House, where the army supplies are received.

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mosan territory is left under Japanese jurisdiction?" Dr. Myers replied, "Supposing that the treaties and arrangements made by Dr. Goto, the present civil administrative chief, are allowed by the Japanese to remain in force as at present, there is only a narrow strip on the western side of the island, bounded by a line running close to the east of the chief cities on that coast, which the Japanese attempt any jurisdiction over."

In answer to the question whether Japan had granted extra-territorial rights to these men, Dr. Myers, while expressing the opinion that the government had not been consulted by its representatives in Formosa in the concessions, said, "I cannot deny that these banditti chiefs hold sovereign rights." So much for at least two-thirds of the territory. Not only have the Japanese not succeeded in establishing their authority over it, but they have been forced to make formal treaties with not only one rebel, but several, and have recognized a number of small states under the government of these feudal lords.

But how about the strip of land along the western coast over which the Japanese exercise a degree of authority? Are the people well treated, and contented with their new masters? Let the English adviser of the new régime speak. Evidently Dr. Myers's advice is little followed by his employers, or he would have a different story to tell. "Notwithstanding this confusion, Dr. Goto has to show that Formosa can do something for itself, or at least be less of a burden on the mother-country, whose apparently unbounded generosity he has almost exhausted. To do that the people in the narrow strip of Japanese territory are taxed with a new and extremely heavy tariff. Besides that, they are made to pay export taxes. The method of collection is by no means a satisfactory one, moreover."

"What is the result of this on the people?"

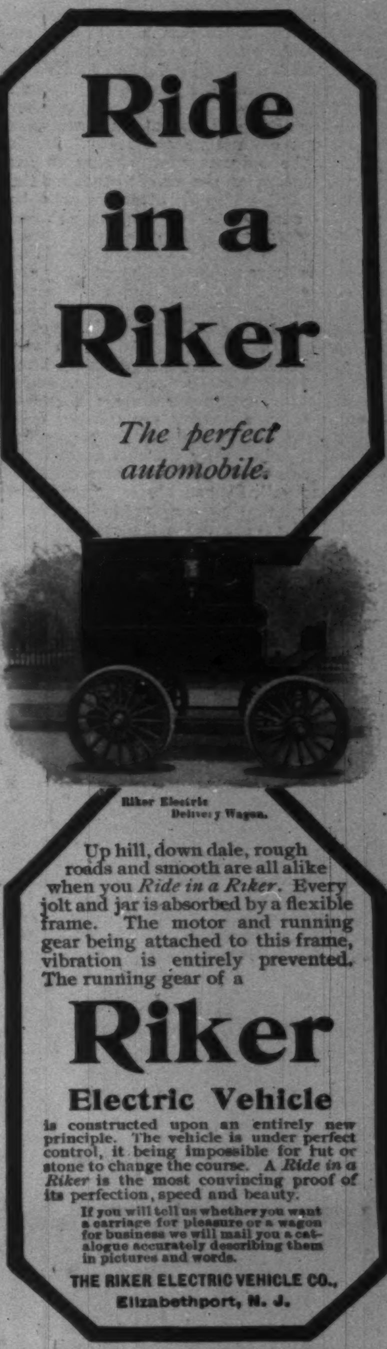
"Those that the Japanese can get at are oppressed almost to ruin," Dr. Myers said. "Another result is that the tariff offers such an enormous premium to smuggling that syndicates have been formed in China and elsewhere which are actively and most remuneratively engaged all along the coast-line in evading the regulations governing the export and import of goods. As to the bandit Lim Siau-Nian, whose territory is to the south, and runs from the hills clear to the coast-line, he can bring whatever he likes into the country, arms included. It goes without saying that he takes the opportunity."

In view of the above facts it would seem to be the height of folly for Japan to attempt to handle a whole province with ten times the population on the mainland. Disastrous failure would be certain. All this points to the possible possession of this great province by America in the not distant future. In case China breaks up, as now seems most probable, America cannot escape a share of the responsibility for the government of her next-door neighbor. Japan's failure in Formosa will naturally throw this province, which Japan seems to want but can never govern, to America as the nearest great power that has not already marked out its "sphere of influence." It is not safe to prophesy with too much confidence in such a matter, but the past two years have realized far stranger and more improbable events in American history.

The 'Bus-Horses of London

THE importance of the London 'bus-horse as a factor in the machinery of the big city has been pointed out quite forcibly in the British government's recent purchase from the London General Omnibus Company of horses to be used in the South-African campaign. In going into the army service many of the animals are merely returning to their old employment. The London General has been a regular patron of her Majesty's annual sale of cavalry horses, which is held each fall, not to weed out poor stock, but to encourage breeding, and some of its most useful animals have been taken from the wheel of the artillery's heavy guns.

The fact that hundreds of horses were taken from the stables, all within a comparatively few days of one another, that the company had no time to replace them, and that the loss made absolutely no change in the regular daily schedule of the various lines, will give some idea of the 'bus-horse's numerical strength. In the interest which has always attached to his good-natured and more or less picturesque driver, the horse has been rather overlooked, but in his way he is quite as interesting a part of an interesting institution, and to-day he is a member of what is without doubt the largest and the most systematically conducted stable in the world. It is not every horse, in the first place, that can become a member of the London General's vast working force. The fact is, a horse has to pass quite as rigid examinations, both mental and physical, as the average recruit who applies for admission to her Majesty's army. Between 17,000 and 20,000 is the average number of animals which the company has in its stables. Sometimes this number is reduced to 15,000, but it is more often the case that from 20,000 to 22,000 head are wearing the company's official mark on their hoofs. Some of the most experienced veterinary surgeons in the United Kingdom are employed by the company to procure its horses and to keep its stables filled. This detail of the business in itself is sufficient to keep half a dozen men employed almost constantly. In order to be accepted by this examining board the horse must conform to certain arbitrary rules. He must not be more than six years old, nor under four. He must weigh at least 1050 pounds, and not more than 1250. If he is unsound in wind or limb he is instantly rejected. And his soundness is judged by as critical a standard as that used in the selection of a pair of brougham-horses or "gentlemen's roadsters." Blemishes, in fact, which would make little material difference in the price of a fashionable horse would hopelessly disqualify the 'bus-horse candidate. But before his physical examination has taken place the would-be 'bus-horse's mental qualifications are looked into. If he is a "buzzard head," or, as it is called in certain parts of the United States, "a rank one," meaning either a vicious-tempered beast or a crazy-headed one, the buyers pass him by regardless of his comformation. This is done not so much to guard the safety of its patrons as to save the company unnecessary expense. An animal with either a nervous or a vicious temperament would, when hitched before a 'bus and driven through an ordinary London district, go to pieces before he had earned his passage money. The animals, too, must have been better broken than the ordinary draught horse. At best it is a difficult operation to pilot one of the big, unwieldy craft through a crowded thoroughfare, and with a hard-bitted or slow-witted horse in the team it becomes almost an impossibility. Within the last few years the greater part of the company's supply of horses has been imported from Canada and the Western States of the United States. From $135 to $200 a head is paid by the buyers, and from the prices which Western horses have been bringing for the last few years, or since the substitution of electricity for horse power on most of the surface roads, it can be seen that only animals of the highest quality are considered. Acclimating an American horse is one of the hardest problems with which the 'bus company's veterinarians have to contend. Under the most favorable circumstances the process takes two years, and more often three years have elapsed before the animal is thoroughly hardened to all the changes of a London winter. Immediately upon his arrival in England the horse is turned out to pasture for a month, where he gets his first taste both of British fodder and British weather. If he does not "go wrong" under the combination he is taken up at the end of four weeks and sent to one of the receiving stables in London. His work as an apprentice is easy enough. Unless he is one of a pair he is hitched in with an old campaigner and put on one of the shorter routes. The first day he makes only one trip of about two hours, the following day he has no work at all, and this schedule of alternate days of rest and labor is adhered to for from three to five months. By that time he has shown his qualifications for the service and is either gotten rid of or admitted as a member in good standing to the organization. For the first two years, or until he becomes thoroughly acclimated, he is kept on one of the shorter runs—a route covering not more than ten or twelve miles, and his actual labor each day is confined to two hours. The territory covered by the company's routes is divided into districts, each district embracing a certain number of stables, and has a hospital for the treatment of sick and disabled horses. A superintendent and a veterinary are in charge of each district, and an inspection is made by the latter official once a week. Each stable shelters about 400 animals, and when a horse is once assigned to his home it seldom happens that he is transferred. Remarkable stories, in fact, are told by the drivers concerning certain attempts to transfer horses from one district to another. One old campaigner in particular has made a record for himself that will be handed down by the drivers as the brightest page in the history of the 'bus service. It seems that this old rascal had been doing his bit on the Liverpool and Putney route for seven long years, and each day of those seven years he had shied and reared at a certain equestrian statue near Threadneedle Street. Aside from this one trick he was an excellent worker, strong and willing, and altogether too valuable an animal for the company to think of selling. To break him of his trick he was transferred to another run. The new route also crossed Threadneedle Street, and when the wily old trickster arrived at the intersection of the two streets he suddenly swung around so that his head was pointing towards his favorite statue, and there he stood, resolutely refusing to move an inch in any direction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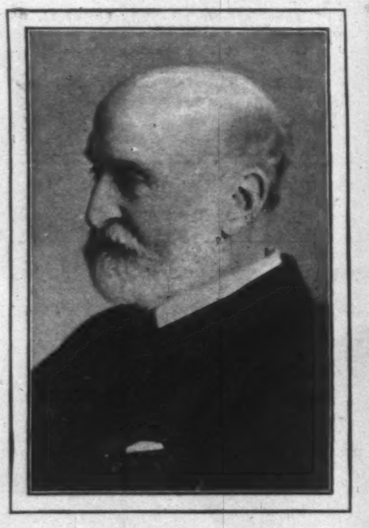
except that leading to his bronze relative. Each day the same performance was repeated, and finally he was again transferred, but always when he had arrived at the point nearest the monument, though it was miles away, he struck, and neither diplomacy nor chastisement could persuade him to move until he got ready. He is back in the old run now, shying to his heart's content at the heroic beast on the pedestal, and no more attempts will be made to cure him. So long as a horse can do his work he is kept in the harness, and there are instances where the same driver has driven the same horse daily for a dozen years. All the horses are numbered, both by figures stamped on the hoof and by a small enamelled plate hung over the manger in the stalls. When an animal is transferred the plate goes with him.

Every horse has its own collar, made especially for it and fitted by a harness-maker. It is a rather remarkable fact that of the thousands of 'bus-horses in London, it is a really difficult matter to pick out one with the slightest suspicion of a collar gall. When horses formed the principal motive power for the surface lines in New York quite the reverse was true. Nine animals in every dozen either had a raw sore under their collars or bore the scars of previous ones. The stablemen evidently go on the theory that little work and a correspondingly small amount of feed is more profitable than a hard day's work and four square meals. Each pair of horses is called upon to do only three hours' work daily; the distance of each run varies from fourteen to twenty miles, but whatever the length, it is supposed to be made within the three-hour limit. That the horses thrive and grow round and fat under their burden is apparent to every stranger in the British capital. It does not take long, however, to destroy all claim to the soundness they had when they first became part of the system. A 'bus "full up" and running over the slippery wooden pavement is about as effective an agent in ruining an animal's beauty and soundness as could be devised. Generally the horse's knees are the first to go. The constant strain of starting and stopping puts the animal's knees over in a remarkably short time. Probably two-thirds of the teams in the entire system are knee-sprung. This blemish, however, or others similar to it, does not entitle the beast to a place on the retired list; he is kept in the harness until he no longer can pull his share of the load. Then he is sold for what he will bring.

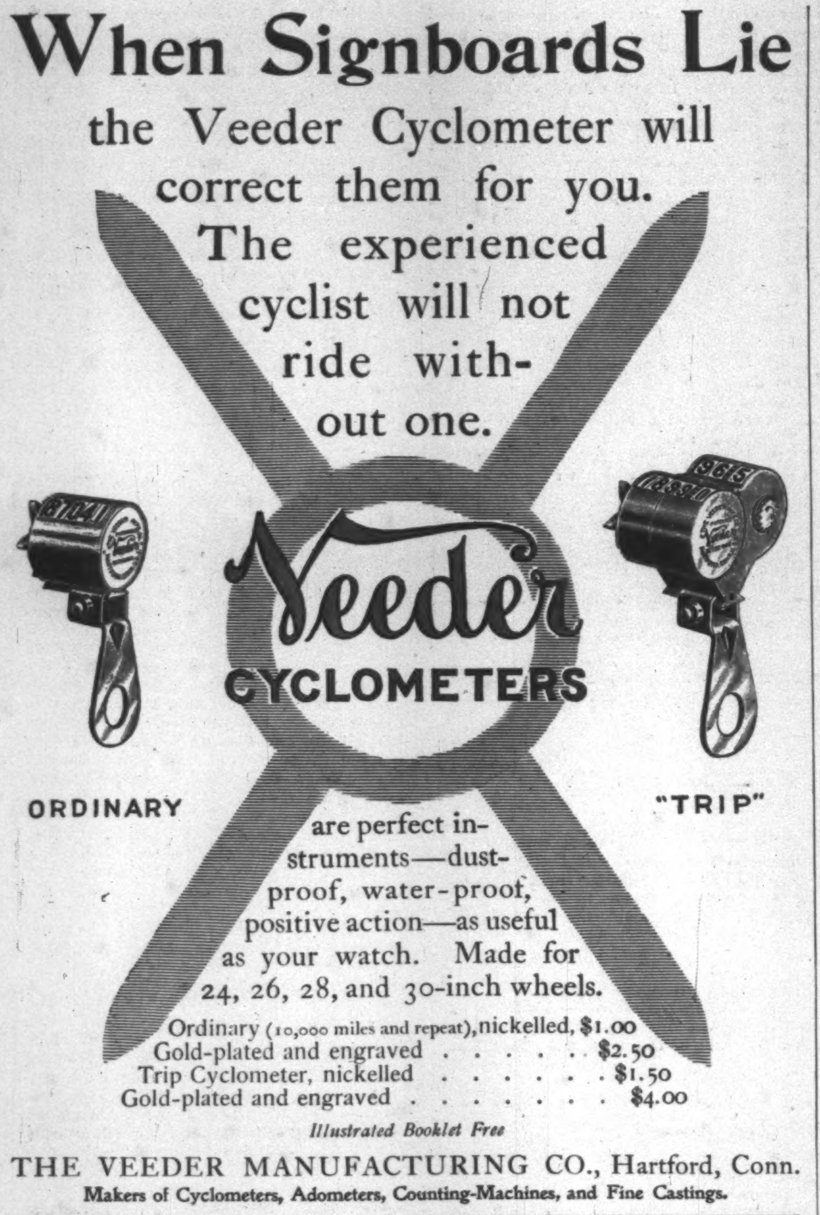
J. H. TUCKERMAN.



St. George Mivart

DR. ST. GEORGE MIVART, who died in London on April 1, was lately brought conspicuously into public notice by his controversy with Cardinal Vaughn, Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. Dr. Mivart had published articles in two of the English reviews in which he expressed opinions on the inspiration of the Bible, and other subjects, which conflicted with the views held by the Roman Catholic Church, of which he was a member. In consequence of these articles he was suspended from membership. The *Tablet*, the chief organ of the Roman Church in England, combated his opinions, and it was in remonstrance against certain of its strictures that he appealed to Cardinal Vaughn as its proprietor.

Dr. Mivart was a scientist of reputation and very well known as a writer on scientific subjects. Among his best-known books are *The Genesis of the Species*, *Man and Apes*, and *The Origin of Human Reason*. He dissented from Darwin in some particulars as to the application of the theory of evolution, holding that human reason could not be explained by it, and denying the principle of natural selection. Until his very recent writings he had been looked upon as the man of all others who had been most successful in making the theories of modern science seem to harmonize with the doctrines of the Roman Church. He was born in 1827 and joined the Roman Catholic Church in 1844. He was called to the bar seven years later, and afterwards became a doctor of medicine. He was a Fellow of the Royal, Linnæan, and Zoological societies, and had been lecturer on zoology at St. Mary's Hospital Medical School, and professor of biology at University College.



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Telephotography in South Africa

EVER since the Chinese-Japanese war it has been felt that the camera would become an important war implement for scouts and spies, and attempts were made even then to use telephotography to photograph distant objects within the enemy's lines. The application of the telescope lens to the camera has been greatly improved in recent years, and some remarkable pictures have been taken with it. The use of the "telephoto attachment" or lens to the camera in South Africa has been successful in the English army, and photographs from balloons have brought into the picture minute objects that would escape the ordinary eye. This illustration of the value of telephotography in war will tend to make the instrument a necessary adjunct to every well-equipped army. Photography has been employed for years by army experts, but in order to make this of real value it has been necessary to approach close to the camp or fortifications to be photographed. This in times of war is not a very safe or possible thing to do.

The improvement in telephotographic lenses in the last few years has been remarkable, and distant pictures have been brought so close to the camera that every detail has been minutely pictured. At an altitude of over 3000 feet excellent photographs have been taken of the fortifications and camps of the Boers by the balloon corps attached to the English army. These pictures will have something more than transient value, for they will exhibit true living pictures of active warfare which no prejudiced historian on either side can dispute. The telephotograph tells no stories, and merely reproduces in minute detail all that is contained in the view.

Heretofore the instrument has been employed chiefly by architects and mountain climbers and surveyors. The former have found it of great value in photographing the upper stories of buildings where minute architectural decorations are to be copied. Thus excellent pictures have been taken of the roof and dome of the Milan Cathedral and of the Washington and other monuments. At a distance of half a mile the smallest architectural designs and decorations are recorded as distinctly as if the photographer had stood within a few feet of the object. In mountain climbing the summits of inaccessible peaks have been photographed by means of the telephoto attachment, so that the rocks could be studied with scientific exactness. The summits of the Jungfrau in Switzerland, and of Popocatepetl in Mexico, have thus been telephotographed with remarkable exactness and clearness. Birds on their nests in the branches of tall trees and on the spires of church steeples have been brought within touch of the photographer. In astronomy the telephotograph is making revolutions that justify one in believing that the new astronomy will have far more interest to the general reader than that of the past.

The compound telephotographic lenses which are now employed bring pictures so close to the observer that nearly all points within a radius of a mile can be photographed clearly and distinctly.

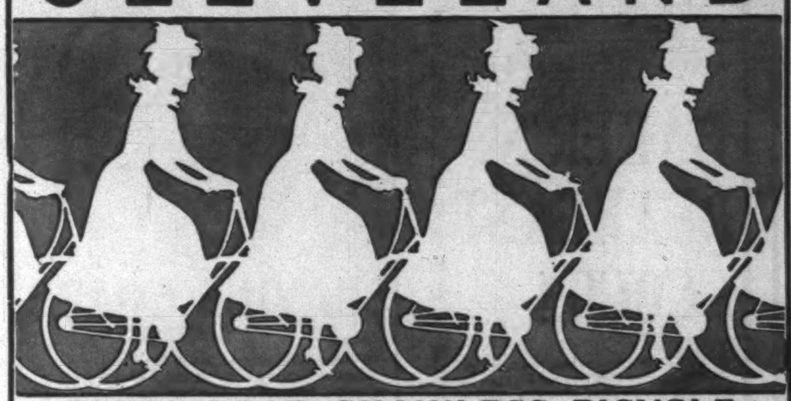
G. E. W.

FINANCE

BY A. K. FISKE

THE New York stock-market has continued active and strong in comparison with the condition that prevailed up to the middle of March, but it has been quiet and merely firm compared to the condition of a year ago. The present state of things is less speculative and far more healthy than that of the first part of 1899. It rests more upon a settled and steady business situation—more upon national confidence, and less upon eager hopefulness. The market here has not been sustained by quite so much strength in American securities abroad as a week ago. The first activity induced by

CLEVELAND



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the passage of the currency law has subsided, and London has been depressed by less favorable indications in South Africa, but there has been no reaction. Notwithstanding considerable buying of our railroad shares and the better class of "industrials" in London and Berlin, foreign exchange has been very little affected, though the heavy trade balance in our favor continues. There is no sign that gold is likely to be sent over here soon for settlements.

The fact is that our trade balance is not so heavy as it seems, being offset by undervaluations in imports, large payments of freight to foreign steamship lines, and a continual transfer of funds to Europe by travellers and intending exhibitors at Paris. Much of the buying of our stocks is speculative, and is accompanied by selling on foreign account as well; and, besides, the purchases are carried as long as may be desired on this side. Then, many credit transactions are continually going on of which there are no statistics, and so long as confidence continues unimpaired and Europe needs to keep all the gold it has, while the United States has no need to call for more, there is not likely to be any serious fall in the rate of *exchange*, or disposition to settle outstanding balances by drawing upon the world's cash. The system of international credit has become enormously extended and complex, and it puts commercial nations under a heavy bond to keep the peace among themselves.

The lead is still taken on the Stock Exchange by railroad securities. The transportation business was probably never so prosperous in this country, and there certainly never was a time when the condition of railroad companies was so well understood. The frequent reports of the details of their business are calculated to invite confidence; and when they are favorable, as they have uniformly been of late, they give strength to the securities dealt in for investment. There have been stories of the virtual consolidation of the coal roads, chiefly the Reading, the Erie, and the Lehigh Valley, and their control by the New York Central in alliance with the Pennsylvania, which already practically controls the Baltimore and Ohio and the Norfolk and Western. Such stories are declared to be absolutely without foundation by those in a position to know the facts, but they probably spring from a steady movement in the direction of a common or, at least, an associated control of great railroad interests, which have a common field of activity and need as much as possible to work in harmony. There is certainly a tendency towards eliminating competition by establishing control in the hands of strong financiers who find their interest in working together and preventing warfare between rival lines. An incident in the advance of railroad shares has been the movement of the common stock of the Baltimore and Ohio, which has paid no dividend in recent years, above the level of the preferred, which pays four per cent. and is still only a little above 80.

The Iron and Steel Company stocks were unfavorably affected by the failure of the Federal Steel Company at its meeting on the 2d of April to take any action upon dividends. Under the conditions of its incorporation it cannot pay dividends upon the common stock until those upon the preferred stock have been fully provided for for the year, and an attempt to do so last year was stopped by an injunction; but the certificate of incorporation could be so amended as to permit quarterly dividends on the common stock. That was generally expected, and the failure to take action was regarded as an unfavorable indication, and the stock declined, depressing the other steel stocks with it. As there is no sign of falling off in business or in earnings this cannot be regarded as a logical consequence, but sentiment and sympathy play an extraordinary part in the stock-market.

This effect appears again in the comparative dulness of the traction stocks in New York, while Third Avenue developments are awaiting the slow process of financial adjustment under the receivership and the assumption of control by the Metropolitan Company. The uncertainties of the war in the sugar-market have proved depressing not only upon the stock of the Refining Company, but upon those of other industrial corporations.

The money-market has been one of gradually increasing ease, with rates barely maintained and resources increasing in the banks. The effect of a slowly expanding bank currency is beginning to be felt. The money-market in Europe continues firm and in London tends to hardness.

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Most Exquisite Retail Perfumery

The elegant and fashionable Parisian World uses:
Eaux de Cologne: Hégémonienne, Impériale, Russe, Ambrée.
Scents: Baume de Violette, le Jardin de mon Curé, Gavotte, Tsao-Ko.
Sapoceti, special soap for the face: Maréchale, Duchesse, Violette, Pao Rosa.
Powder for the face: Ladies in all climates Pink, Yellow, White.